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IN this issue, we print the opinions of the two members of our staff who attended the Republican Convention.

SPEAKING of the platform, Ernest Hamlin Abbott remarks that it is true that it starts, "not with human equality, but with steel rails." But "in that, perhaps, the voice of the Republican Party is the voice of the age." Of the molding of the Convention's policies, he says: "It is a mark of progress when a Convention begins with Smoot and ends with Borah" —meaning that Senator Borah's ideas prevailed in the essential planks of the platform. As far as a convention can go, Mr. Abbott thinks, the Kansas City Convention went.

MR. PRINGLE, on the other hand, seems to feel much as Senator Norris, Mr. Lowden, and Senator La Follette do —that the platform as finally written was dictated by expediency. Mr. Lowden, genuine champion of farm relief, withdrew because he felt it was the duty of the Convention to try to rescue agriculture from the ruin that threatens it; which the platform fails to do.

Senator La Follette—representing what William Allen White called "the still, small voice of the Wisconsin delegation, that is the conscience of the Republican Party"—endeavored to secure a repudiation of Hays, Fall, et al., naming Teapot Dome as a fraudulent transaction which the rank and file of the Republicans repudiate—and failed.

Finally, thinks Mr. Pringle, prohibition was straddled—our present brand of enforcement being ineffective and mere approval of it negative, leading neither to real enforcement nor nullification.

BOTH men are convinced that one of the serious objections to the Republican platform is that it leaves unmentioned the vital question of water power and utilities—the next point of attack by present-day special privilege.

Particularly it seems to be agreed between them that on Mr. Hoover's interpretation of the platform alone depends its genuine meaning and value.

IN this matter all the editors of The Outlook are of the same mind. If there is to be any real moral leadership in the Republican Party in this campaign, Mr. Hoover must supply it.

WILL he now speak out, and assume this leadership so badly needed? In all friendliness, as we point out in our editorial page, The Outlook hopes he will.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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From "The Wood Cut of Today at Home and Abroad," published by The Studio, Ltd.

RUE DE LA FONTAINE À NEVERS

A woodcut by F. Chalandre

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The Outlook

June 27, 1928

The World This Week

Hoover Gets the News

SURROUNDED by his family and a few intimate friends, Herbert Hoover heard the word of his nomination for the Presidency in his Washington home. The next morning he stepped out of the door of his house to face a cheering throng and the inevitable battery of cameras and motion-picture machines which will be his constant companions in the months to come. At the Department of Commerce his fellow-workers gave him a rousing reception—a reception which was not allowed, however, to interfere with the customary routine and his task of cleaning up the last of the labors awaiting his attention before his campaign gets under way.

Candidate Hoover is still Secretary Hoover, and there is no clear indication that his resignation will come at once. A tradition has grown up demanding that a candidate for that high office must not continue to hold another office, but genuinely big men are frequently smashers of traditions. Mr. Hoover might render a unique service by continuing as Secretary of Commerce until election—even after election, if he should be by any chance unsuccessful.

Hoover Speaks

HOOVER'S first statement as a candidate was in the form of a telegram of acceptance sent to Senator Moses, Permanent Chairman of the Republican National Convention. It was a clear-cut acknowledgment of gratitude for the opportunity that had come to him and an indorsement of the platform upon which he was asked to run. It contained generalities, but in its form and spirit gave promise that these generalities would later be translated into a specific program for the Republican Party. Mr. Hoover apparently visualized himself as something more than a prophet of material prosperity. He thinks of America as a land to be dedicated to a fuller and richer life. The word "richer" is not to be interpreted as referring only to dollars and cents. It is worth while quoting at length:

"My whole life has taught me what America means. I am indebted to my country beyond any human power to repay. It conferred upon me the mission to administer America's response to the appeal of afflicted nations during the war. It has called me into the Cabinets of two Presidents. By these experiences I have observed the burdens and responsibilities of the greatest office in the world. That office touches the happiness of every home. It deals with the peace of nations. No man could think of it except in terms of solemn consecration. . . .

"A new era and new forces have come into our economic life and our setting among the nations of the world. These forces demand of us constant study and effort, if prosperity, peace and contentment shall be maintained. . . . You have manifested a deep concern in the problems of agriculture. You have pledged the party to support specific and constructive relief upon a Nation-wide scale backed by the resources of the Federal Government.

"We will and must find a sound solution that will bring security and contentment to this great section of our people.

"But the problems of the next four years are more than economic. In a profound sense they are moral and spiritual. This Convention has sounded a note of moral leadership. . . .

"Government must contribute to leadership in answer to these questions. The Government is more than an Administration. It is power for leadership and co-operation with the forces of business and cultural life in city, town, and countryside. The Presidency is more than executive responsibility. It is the inspiring symbol of all that is highest in America's purposes and ideals."

A Woman Does It

A WOMAN has at last achieved a land-to-land, non-stop flight across the doughty Atlantic. What Ruth Elder barely failed to accomplish, Amelia Earhart, her pilot, Stultz, and her mechanic, Gordon, have done. Leaving Trepassey, Newfoundland, they came down in Bury Estuary, in Wales, after twenty hours and forty-nine minutes in the air.

Miss Earhart is the young woman who is said to "look more like Lindbergh than Lindbergh himself."

The Italia's Fate

THREE weeks after the disastrous crash of the Italia not one of its sixteen officers and men had been rescued. Great hopes existed that the party of three sent by Nobile to reach Cape North, of North East Land, on foot might appear at any time, but up to June 17 they had not been seen. Faint indeed are the chances that the seven survived who were carried along by the Italia after the crash which cut off the cabin containing Nobile and his party. With Nobile and his five companions the probabilities still remained hopeful as the fourth week of their struggle began. The chief and one of his men are injured, but not seriously. Their wireless messages have shown just

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where they are—at or near Foyn Island, drifting with the ice, sometimes eastward, sometimes westward. Their position is not very far from Cape North, and every effort is on foot to reach Nobile by planes sent from the ice-breaking ships Hobby and Braganza or by plane directly from Norway, whence the Frenchman Guilband and the Norseman Amundsen are ready as we write to start a rescue flight.

The situation is one of the most singular in the history of aviation. If Nobile is saved, he will have a tragic tale of adventure and endurance to relate.

In the Enemy's Territory

A PICTURESQUE multitude sat on a hillside within sight of the Capitol of New York. There were Kleagles and Titans in white robes; Kamelias in white robes, red trimmed, and wearing high white hats; men from the Adirondacks, who called themselves Pioneers, wore buckskins and carried flintlocks and a banner with the Revolutionary slogan, "Don't Tread On Me;" drill units from other parts of the State, wearing dark uniforms and bright nickel trench helmets.

And below, on a platform bright with flags and bunting, the Hon. J. Thomas Heflin, United States Senator and paid Klan lecturer, fulminated about rum, Romanism, and Governor Smith.

"I am against him," shouted the gentleman from Alabama, "because he is a wet—not a plain wet, but a soaking wet, who signed a bill which took New York out of the Union so far as the Eighteenth Amendment is concerned.

"I am against him because he is a member of Tammany, the most corrupt political organization in the world.

"I am against him because he favors unrestricted immigration, which will open the way for Rome to gain control of the American Government.

"I am against him because he has had no experience in National affairs and is not a National figure.

"And, coupled with all those reasons, I am against him because he is a Roman Catholic, and, knowing what I do of the Roman Catholic Church, I don't want a Roman Catholic to be President of the United States."

Governor Smith had previously given orders that Senator Heflin was to be courteously received on the occasion of his invasion of enemy territory; and on the appointed day he sent Major John Adams Warner, his son-in-law and Superintendent of State Police, and troopers to the hillside gathering. There was no time when they were needed. The uniformed multitude applauded frequently, and the meeting passed off pleasantly.

On Wings to Labrador

FOR a long time geologists have been confident that the vast riches mined from the crystalline rocks of central Canada would be found widely distributed over that vaster area of primeval rocks—doubtless the most ancient of the earth's crust—known as the "Canadian shield" which extended from Labrador Peninsula on the east, around Hudson Bay, and westward toward the great mountains. How to penetrate this wilderness of lake and river and forest has heretofore been the main problem of prospectors and the main deterrent to mineral discovery. This year, however, a new mode of access confronts with almost breathless suddenness the unexpectant prospector. A hundred airplanes have been made available for parties in search of remote Canadian minerals. An airplane can fly in a forenoon to an area whose up-stream access by canoe requires two months. In Labrador Peninsula two months is practically the whole summer. What was not a year ago a wilderness visited only once or twice a decade by some patient explorer such as the lamented Hubbard or the pioneer geologist-explorer Low will witness an invasion that must inevitably sadden and disillusion the few hundred Nascaupee Indians who claim that isolated interior as their own. Dr. A. P. Low, hastily traversing the great peninsula by canoe in the interests of the Canadian Geological Survey during the '90's, reported suspicious mineral finds at many remote interior places. These will now be revisited by many parties, this time at leisure due to artificial wings, and a decade hence may find the last stronghold of the North American nature lover echoing to the unromantic rattle of freight cars. When gold beckons, no sanctuary of natural beauty remains inviolate. Such places must be "developed," "improved."

China Opens the Door—Out

THE Nationalists in China, having made themselves masters of Peking and Tientsin, and so brought all the vast country within the Great Wall under their control, have called upon the foreign Powers to withdraw their troops at once from Chinese soil. Further, they have declared for an immediate revision of the "unequal treaties" giving foreigners and their enterprises special privileges in China and immunity from Chinese laws and jurisdiction.

Dr. C. C. Wu, son of the former Chinese Minister to the United States, Wu Ting-fang, has asked America to take the lead in revising its treaty agreements with China. Secretary Kellogg has taken the request under consideration without indicating the attitude of the Department of State.

Meanwhile, Minister Sze has followed the course of Chinese envoys in other capitals and hoisted over his Legation, in place of the five-barred banner, the Chinese Nationalist flag of red with a blue field in the upper staff corner showing a white ball surrounded by white stars.

Chang Tso-lin, formerly dictator in Peking, is reported dead in his Manchurian capital at Mukden of injuries suffered when his train was bombed upon its arrival. And Chiang Kai-shek, the Nationalist Commander-in-Chief, has resigned his post and retired to civilian life. His move leaves General Feng Yu-hsiang, the "Christian General," of Chihli Province, and General Yen Hsi-shan, the "Model Governor," of Shansi Province, facing each other, at Peking and Tientsin, and more or less at odds over supremacy in northern China. Chiang's decision is a long-headed one which absolves him of personal ambitions now and suggests that when the rivalry of Feng and Yen has worked itself out in some regional adjustment—amicable or otherwise—he may return to a powerful position associated with the central Nationalist administration at Nanking. To that historic capital the Nationalists have already begun to shift Government departments from Peking, where the foreign Legations are.

Nanking has no Legation quarter. And over the gates of the Legation quarter in Peking the Nationalists appear to have written "This Way Out."

Edwin T. Meredith

ALL signs had come to point to Edwin T. Meredith, of Iowa, as the man whom the Democrats at Houston would be most likely to name as Alfred E. Smith's running mate. Now Mr. Meredith is dead. His main life-work had lain in the publication of periodicals for farm homes. Among them, "Successful Farming," one of the big four of American farm papers, is best known.

During the latter part of the Wilson Administration he was Secretary of Agriculture and in that capacity did a unique work in bringing to business organizations a knowledge of agricultural conditions. Recent indications that manufac-

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turers and financiers appreciate the fact that the United States has a continuing agricultural problem may be traced in large measure to his efforts.

The peculiar availability of Mr. Meredith for the Democratic nomination for Vice-President resulted from two facts: first, that he was known by the record of his whole life as a friend of agriculture, particularly of corn and wheat belt agriculture; and, second, that he could command in greater measure than any other man the support of the old McAdoo organization.

If the Democrats decide to nominate a Western rather than a Southern man for Vice-President, they will have great difficulty in finding one as promising as Meredith would have been.

Death deals strangely with political prospects.

A Political Divorce

THE hyphen has dropped from between the names of McNary and Haugen. Never again will there be a McNary-Haugen Agricultural Relief Bill. What had come to amount almost to an institution has departed from the halls of Congress. The same bill may be there again, but it will have a new name.

Senator McNary has declared allegiance to the platform and candidate of the Republican Party and to farm relief without the equalization fee. Representative Haugen has reaffirmed his belief that real relief for agriculture can come in no other way than by application of the principle of the equalization fee. To that extent he has placed himself outside the Republican breastworks.

Senator McNary's abandonment of the fee is not surprising. He was extremely reluctant about joining with Mr. Haugen in sponsoring the last farm relief bill and for some time contemplated introducing a different kind of measure. But it was said that the Vice-Presidential bee buzzed in his bonnet, and an effort was undoubtedly made to create for him that Mid-Western availability which was later found in another reluctant supporter of the equalization fee, Senator Curtis.

An American Wins the Grand Prix

TWENTY-FOUR years ago an American boy offered as his first exhibit in the French Salon a statue of General Lawton, which now stands in Indianapolis. He surprised the art colony of Paris, and possibly himself, by capturing second place, the first time such an honor had gone to a foreigner. In May of this year the same sculptor, Andrew O'Connor, of Worcester, Massachusetts, offered a "Drama in Stone," as he calls it, an interpretation of Tristan and Isolde, and won first prize, the first time that a foreigner has walked off with France's highest fine arts' honor.

France has long shown an appreciation of Mr. O'Connor's work. The first piece to be accepted by the Government was the original of the Vanderbilt Memorial in St. Bartholomew's Church.

TRISTAN AND ISOLDE
By Andrew O'Connor

New York, which is in the Museum of Decorative Arts in Paris. In the Municipal Museum of Havre is a fragment of the huge war memorial upon which he now spends much of his time; this is to be finished in black bronze, and is destined for Washington. England and Hungary have his work in their museums as well, but his most noteworthy piece on the Continent is the statue of Justice in the Peace Palace at The Hague, which was ordered and paid for by the American Government through the American Fine Arts Commission.

The two pieces which now occupy Mr. O'Connor's Paris studio are the Virgin, one motive of the war memorial, and a Lincoln which is to stand before the State-House in Providence. This is his third statue of the Emancipator; one is in the Metropolitan Museum, New York, the other in the State Capitol of Springfield, Illinois.

The French interest in the work of this American sculptor may be judged from the recently published and lavishly illustrated volume by Hélène Desmarou, "L'Œuvre du Sculpture O'Connor."

Liquor at Kansas City

THE Republican Convention at Kansas City was about as dry, or about as wet, as any other gathering of American citizens in the year 1928. Hospitable people, the Kansas Cityans made it possible for the thirsty to obtain a drink. Kansas City has its speak-easies, like New York or Chicago or Omaha or Boston or any other town. That the Middle West is officially dry, or that the Republican Party declared in ringing terms for enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment, did not disturb any one unduly.

There was little drunkenness at the Convention, however. The drinking that went on was in hotel rooms and in private homes. Sometimes a hip flask was shown in a lobby, but that was all. The local papers revealed that the Federal Prohibition Department had been making an intensive drive to dry up the town before the Convention. More than sixty injunctions were served on drug-stores, ostensible soft-drink parlors, and saloons during one week.

Among the most interesting drinkers, and this is always true at large gatherings of politicians, were the political drys. Having prepared to indorse a bone-dry platform, calling attention to the adherence of Washington and Lincoln to the Constitution (even if before it included the Eighteenth Amendment), some of these gentlemen felt that a mere matter of principle did not bar them from an occasional highball.

The Inevitable Slump

THE stock market has suffered its worst setback since the rout of March, 1926. The prices of some of the favorite speculative vehicles declined as much as thirty or forty points from the peaks they had reached in the bullish drive that had continued through the winter and spring, a drive that was really another stage in the long climb that began in the autumn of 1924.

Inasmuch as the market turned really weak just after the Pennsylvania delegation had announced that it would cast its vote for Herbert Hoover as Republican nominee, the elimination of President Coolidge as a Presidential possibility and the virtual nomination of his Secretary of Commerce have frequently been blamed for the outburst of selling.

Wall Street undoubtedly was disap-

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pointed by fizzling out of the "draft Coolidge" movement, but the fundamental reason for the break in the stock market had nothing to do with politics. A speculative mania had caught the country, and reckless buying had pushed prices to levels that were patently unjustified. A severe reaction was inevitable, although no one could tell when it would come.

This corrective process, as the brokers call it, is not a particularly pleasant one, but it will cure many thousands of the delusion that they do not have to work for a living and it will release funds that have been used for speculation for more desirable purposes.

Fortunately, the reason for the setback is fairly widely understood, and there is little danger that the business world will take it as a warning signal of bad times ahead for commerce and industry. Actually, the outlook for prosperity is probably better now than it has been for nearly a year.

Seven Tons of Gold

A WINDOWLESS and apparently doorless railroad coach, heavily sheathed in armor, was attached to the end of the Cunard boat train which ran from Plymouth into Paddington Station, London, one afternoon not long ago. On its arrival the presence of a small door became apparent. Through it 106 kegs, each a foot in diameter and about eighteen inches high, were lifted into a delivery van drawn by two horses. The kegs weighed a little more than seven tons, and they contained gold bound for the Bank of England.

The "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street" is almost as windowless as the armored coach in which the gold was moved. There is an orifice above the entrance, but none elsewhere in the bank building; and the garden back of it still contains an old graveyard. No other financial institution in the world has had so much to do with the making of history, and no other, perhaps, is quite so quaint; quaint, yet conservative. Recently the bank took a revolutionary step—revolutionary, that is, for such a standpat citadel. It employed as financial adviser an American, Walter W. Stewart, who before that had been director of the division of research and statistics for the Federal Reserve System in this country, and subsequently vice-president of a Wall Street house.

The gold, like the new financial adviser, came from Wall Street. Its value was something more than seven and a quarter million dollars, and it was one of

Shoemaker in the Chicago News

The persistent patron

the shipments frequently being made nowadays from this country to other lands, where currencies have been stabilized and where industry has got up from its post-bellum sick-bed. These shipments help to account for the higher interest rates which have given pause to Wall Street speculation.

But the noteworthy point about the gold movement we are discussing lies, we suspect, in the fact that seven tons of the metal were moved through the streets of London in an open, horse-drawn van. In this country not only the railroad coach but the truck would have been armored; and it would have been a motor truck.

Fancy two horses pulling a huge fortune in gold through the streets of Chicago or New York!

The Woman Politician Arrives

FOR the first time in the history of American politics, a woman has served as chairman of an important committee in a National Convention. The woman

Harding in the Brooklyn Eagle

Choosing to run

was Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt and the Committee was that on Credentials in the Republican National Convention in Kansas City.

Other committees may be more important in the sense of influence upon party policies, but it is the Committee on Credentials which holds power over the destinies of candidates. It was the Committee on Credentials which in 1912 insured the nomination of William Howard Taft —and incidentally split the Republican Party. Had not Vare's coup started a somewhat unexpected band-wagon movement to Hoover, it might have been Mrs. Willebrandt's fortune so to direct the work of the Committee as to insure the nomination of Hoover. As it was, she undoubtedly had a great deal to do with piling up for him that impressive majority which made his nomination all but unanimous on the first ballot. There was apparently little merit in contests of anti-Hoover delegations, but contests with no merit at all might under other circumstances have postponed the nomination and made acute bitterness chronic.

The first woman chairman of an important convention committee made a success of her job. It happened that she was a devoted and efficient supporter of the candidate who won the nomination. Both by her political performance and by her official performance as Assistant Attorney-General in Charge of Prohibition Enforcement, Mabel Walker Willebrandt has deserved well of Herbert Hoover It may be that we have witnessed the emergence of the first woman Cabinet member. In the event of Republican victory, Mrs. Willebrandt's claims upon the Attorney-Generalship will be strong.

The part that Mrs. Willebrandt played in the Convention dwarfed the parts played by other women delegates, but none the less a number of women played a more important part in this Convention than any had played in a previous one.

It would appear that woman has established herself in the conduct of practical political affairs.

Last of the Oil Trials

ROBERT W. STEWART, Chairman of the Board of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, is acquitted of the charge of contempt of the Senate of the United States by refusal to answer questions concerning the disposition of the profits of the Continental Trading Company. It is said that the jury was originally divided, seven to five.

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Ireland in the Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch

A Pennsylvania Avenue farmer making up for the Convention

This may be the last of the criminal trials growing out of the Naval Oil Lease revelations. There appears a possibility that Colonel Stewart may be indicted for perjury. When, following Harry F. Sinclair's acquittal, Stewart returned to the witness-stand before the Senate committee, he made statements that were not, it is claimed, in accord with previous testimony. Albert B. Fall, former Secretary of the Interior, has not been tried on the conspiracy indictment found jointly against him and Sinclair. He will not be tried.

Thus, unless Colonel Stewart should be again indicted and unless Blackmer or some of the other fugitives should return, ends the criminal court phase of the oil leases. There has been but one conviction—that of Harry F. Sinclair on the charge of contempt.

A Woman Revolutionist

EMMELINE PANKHURST, leader of the English militant suffrage campaign of 1913–14, died in London on June 14. It may seem odd that Mrs. Pankhurst, whose name will always be associated with the violent demonstrations of English suffragettes, died a member of the Conservative Party and had been selected by an East London constituency to be its candidate for election to Parliament. On the other hand, her fiery daughter Sylvia has always been, and still is, in the front rank of radicalism. Doubtless Mrs. Pankhurst believed (and rightly) that Englishwomen, their suffrage victory won, should divide on new issues regardless of the old militant campaign.

It is also odd that the suffragettes' extravagant and spectacular demonstrations are said to have been indirectly suggested by the placid and gentle Arthur Balfour when he told Mrs. Pankhurst to "kick up a row—invent one method after another." Balfour was then in the Opposition politically, but he must have been astounded at what followed: the burning of buildings, the self-chaining of women to the balcony of the House of Commons, the hunger strikes, the tragedy of one suffragist who threw herself before a race-horse in the Derby and was killed, and all the rest of it.

England had a woman's suffragist party long before the suffragettes appeared, and the suffragists grieved greatly at the inability of the public to distinguish between the ladylike suffragists and the violent suffragettes.

When war came, all that controversy was dropped. Suffragists, suffragettes, and "antis" became Englishwomen working for their country. The ballot for women naturally followed—that is, for those thirty years old or over—while, if the "flappers' bill" goes through, as seems likely, men and women will be admitted to suffrage on the same age basis.

Mrs. Pankhurst was a "stormy petrel" as a leader, but personally she was gentle, quiet, and humorous, as many who saw her in her visits to this country will testify.

Pacifism or Foolishness?

THE choir of Union Congregational Church, Brighton, English despatches state, withdrew from a musical festival because the piece selected for competitive singing was Rudyard Kipling's "Hymn Before Action," which they denounced as "unfit to be sung by the choir of a Christian church."

There is certainly martial resonance in the words:

> The earth is full of anger, the seas are dark with wrath.
> The Nations in their harness go up against our path.
> Ere yet we loose the legions, ere yet we draw the blade,
> Jehovah of the thunders, Lord God of Battles, aid!

But so also are there sound of trumpets, appeal to divine recognition of justice, and patriotic ardor in Kipling's "Recessional," in "John Brown's Body," in "Onward, Christian Soldiers," and in all of the finest music that stirs devotion to country. If music and literature not pacifistic are to be barred for fear of annoying ultra-pacifists, it would be necessary, as one commentator on this incident points out, to rewrite English literature, beginning with the Bible.

Cigarette Profits

RETAIL dealers in tobacco—which means, in the main, retail dealers in cigarettes and cigars—say that times have been hard for them these past few years; that operating expenses have mounted, that the margin of profit has been whittled down, that they are hardly able to make a living. The Joint National Committee of Retailers and Jobbers for a Living Margin of Profit said these and other things in an appeal to the five large manufacturers of tobacco in the United States.

One of those large concerns, the Union Tobacco Company, has replied with a plan to distribute $7,500,000 of its stock among retailers and jobbers, the amount that each is to receive to depend upon the volume of his sales. If this plan works out, it will have the effect, of course, of making tobacco retailers in large part owners of tobacco manufacturing properties.

The company which has announced this plan is the youngest of the five, at least so far as its operation in the United States is concerned. The other four—the American Tobacco Company, R. J. Reynolds, Liggett & Meyers, and P.

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Lorillard—have made no announcement. It appears safe to assume that they will not now join in the stock distribution plan. It is reported that they regard the Union as mainly responsible for certain reductions in cigarette and other prices, which reduction has been an element in the hardships of the retailers. All of the big companies admit that these hardships are real and great.

An effort made a few years ago to increase prices was thwarted by the Federal Trade Commission. Some of the companies are reported as saying that, unless such an increase can be obtained, it will be necessary to pass a part of the burden back to producers of tobacco—the farmers who complain that their lot is already unbearably hard. Suggestion is made, too, that retailers try to eliminate excessive competition.

Keynoting

IT is the way of keynoters to claim the earth, but Senator Fess, keynoting at Kansas City, went a bit beyond the practice of the guild and claimed the waters beneath and the firmament above the earth.

The Republican Party, according to Fess, increased sales in the radio industry from $3,000,000 in 1921 to $500,000,000 in 1927. The radio industry was but fairly born in 1921, and now it is grown up. There is reason to believe that there would have been some increase in sales if there had been no Republican Party. It is true however, that a Republican Administration did, at the command of Congress, appoint a Commission to investigate wave-lengths and the like.

Senator Fess professed that the Republican Party brought about aviation, even commercial aviation. He claimed Lindbergh as "the Columbus of the air." Well, when "Lindy" had flown to Paris "on his own," it is true that a Federal Department headed by a Republican Secretary did send out to him, as he approached Washington, a colonel's uniform—which, by report, he refused to don.

When European statesmen floundered in the bog of economic confusion, "Republican leadership ventured to suggest a solution." It has been said that an eminent Democrat had some part in the suggesting, but that, of course, was a mere incident. The Republican Party has brought about the building of 3,000,000 homes within the past few years. First and last, it has increased the wealth of the United States from twenty billions to over four hundred billions.

So far as a casual reading reveals, Professor Fess did not claim that the Republican Party created the universe; merely that whoever did create it made a mess of it and that the Republican Party has now about completed correcting the errors.

Radium Paint Victims May Live

LAST week The Outlook reported the news that one of the officials of the corporation which has just been forced to make a settlement with five women who as girls painted watch dials with radioactive material and are supposedly destined to suffer early death from radium necrosis is himself a victim of the peculiar malady. Dr. S. A. von Sochocky, a chemist, is the man in question. It was he who originally discovered a way to make the luminous paint. It is mesothorium rather than radium, as has now been learned, which is responsible for the loss of his teeth and the blackening of his fingers; and thereby hangs an interesting tale. There is a vast difference between radium and mesothorium in one particular respect—the rate of their automatic disintegration or transmutation into less active elements is in wide contrast, the disintegration of radium requiring thousands of years, while that of mesothorium demands much shorter periods, the majority of the mesothorium atoms changing to harmless form in less than a decade. It has been stated that the watch-dial workers also used mesothorium rather than the more expensive radium. If this is the case, there is still a chance that the sufferers may live until the subatomic changes involved in the several transmutations have virtually taken place. Even if they do, however, their bodies cannot regenerate the lost bones and tissues.

A Planetarium for Chicago

CHICAGO is going to see the stars whenever she wants to. Max Adler, former Sears Roebuck official, has given her a planetarium. Germany has fifteen of these remarkable apparatuses, one in nearly every large city, Mussolini has ordered one for the Eternal City, and even Soviet Moscow is planning to study the splendors of the heavens beneath the limpid dome of this modern optical marvel.

The planetarium creates an astronomical illusion, an illusion which is said to be well-nigh perfect. The observer, seated comfortably under the great hemispherical dome, sees the vault of heaven not a mere 45 feet overhead but millions of miles distant—so perfectly have the optics of the thing been worked out by the famous Zeiss optical concern in Jena, Germany. The fixed stars occupy normal positions, and among them the planets are seen to circulate. Ostensibly the purpose of the planetarium is to teach astronomy. By speeding up many times the motions of the heavenly bodies they become sensible, just as the slow otherwise imperceptible twinings of a tendril or the nod of a stem become sensible to the eye when shown in those familiar motion pictures which speed them up a thousandfold. Instead of waiting a year to see a year's movements of the planets, one may visit the planetarium and witness them all in a few minutes, seeing them over and over until the synthesis becomes familiar. An hour's visit would equal in imparting power that of a whole regiment of professors lecturing during a semester.

It is safe to say that, once a planetarium has been opened to the public in America, every city of over 100,000 will not be content until it has one, even though they cost a great deal. It is said that no visitor of whatever class has ever failed to leave the demonstration in the planetarium deeply moved.

Mr. Coolidge on Extravagance

THE worst enemy of the wage-earner, said President Coolidge in an address to the Business Organization of the Government, is Government extravagance. It increases taxes, and increased taxes discourage industry, and discouraged industry finds fewer jobs for laborers, and so laborers are unemployed.

That is the theory. But the fact is, the President said, that laborers are not unemployed—not seriously so. But there is Government extravagance, he pointed out. During the past seven years State and local governments have increased their annual expenditures by $3,500,000,000.

During the same period the Federal Government economized, greatly reduced its expenditures, and so maintained prosperity, despite the lavish spending of States, counties, cities, and other taxing agencies. But the President warned that the Federal Government cannot do this forever, that hard times will surely come unless State and local governments stop spending so much money.

All of which is very fine; none the less, a word should be said for the State and local governments. So far as possible, those governments stopped spending during our war period. As patriots, they

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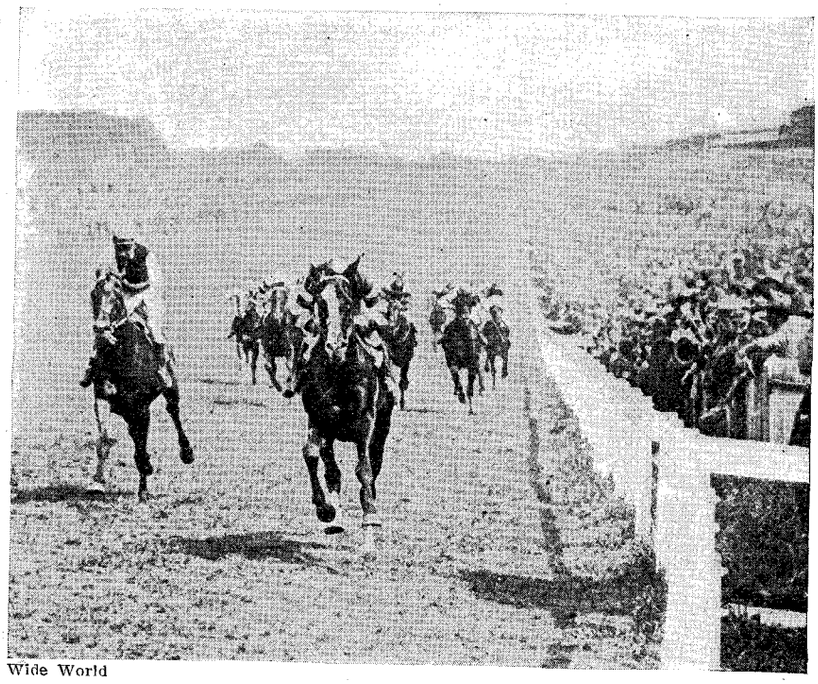

Wide World

A DARK HORSE WINS

Sir Cunliffe Owen's horse Felstead, a 33-to-1 shot, winning the English Derby at Epsom Downs

had to. All available money was needed for the expenditures of the Federal Government. At the same time, the Federal Government greatly increased its expenditures. As the Government of a nation under the necessity of winning a war, it had to.

Since the war period all governments have been, in some measure, "returning to normalcy." The Federal Government had to bring its expenditures down to normal; State and local governments had to bring theirs up to normal, even above normal, in order to repair the damage done during the period when they hardly spent at all.

Rickard Sets a Limit

ALL the way from Oklahoma City came Mr. and Mrs. Harry J. Schaefer to see the Dempsey-Sharkey fight in New York last fall. They reached the Yankee Stadium at 9:15 of the great night and, so they declared, found the gates closed and themselves refused admission.

They were heart-broken. There was New York before them, and it was their first visit. But that was nothing. They had come to see the maulers.

So they counted up their expenses, charged the whole trip to Tex Rickard, promoter, and sued him for $432.87. When Mr. Rickard received their summons, he was surprised; that his fights were worth $216.44 a head surpassed even his notion.

Discounting the chance that a decision for the plaintiffs would set a new top price, with legal sanction, Mr. Rickard defended the action. The Court sustained him.

A newspaper observes that the Schaefers are the first to assume that a prize-fight ticket-holder has any rights.

The Incorrigible Tunney

SINCE the day it was discovered that he had a book Gene Tunney has been a great disappointment to patrons of what W. O. McGeehan calls the cauliflower industry. His latest lapse is to plan a walking trip in Europe with Thornton Wilder, author of that phenomenon among best-sellers, "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," which has nothing to do with Mr. Luis Firpo. The champion and the novelist will go abroad shortly after the Heeney fight in July. They hope to spend some time in Rye, England, in the home sacred to the memory of Henry James.

It must be apparent at last that Gene is incorrigible.

Carbon Monoxide Gets by Again

THE United States Public Health Survey has once more been making widespread tests to ascertain whether the rapid increase in automobile population has begun yet to endanger health.

Fourteen large cities were visited and analyses made of air in crowded traffic. Street air, though we smell its unpleasant fumes (carbon monoxide, the real danger, is odorless), seems to provide no cause for worry as yet. There are nevertheless a few pocketed places where it begins to be a little "headachy," and there is decided risk in some repair garages. The greatest risk to the public continues to be due to the idling motor in the inclosed back-yard garage.

Cognate to the carbon-monoxide risk for motorists is the question of non-detonating, or red, "gas." It is no longer a question in this country, but in Great Britain it is passing at the present time through just the stages of doubt which assailed our ears a year or two back. The British have ostensibly accepted our word for the safety of this gas, but their technical journals give evidence that they do so with a grain of salt; they are a little slower on the acceleration when it comes to Yankee innovations.

Why Worry About Our Oil?

IN the face of advice from the rest of the world that it "could not be done," "would not pay," and "could not compete," the liquefaction of coal to produce motor fuels like gasoline has advanced rapidly during the past year in Germany under the capable head of the German dye trust. Liquid fuels are already being made there in hundred-thousand-barrel quantities. Thus the process, while not yet in large-scale production, is well past the laboratory stage.

This is the process for which the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey obtained the American rights, as told last February in The Outlook, and it consists essentially of heating the ground-up coal under high pressure in the presence of hydrogen gas. In these circumstances coal, whose hydrogen content is not as high as that of gasoline, takes up added hydrogen. The fact that it turns at that instant from a solid to a liquid doubtless seems peculiar to many, but the chemist, whose training and experience provide him with a considerably different point of view in these matters from that of the rest of us, thinks little of this, the categories of solids and liquids being rather more relative to him than to others.

Last year when it was announced that the American concern had acquired the rights to the German process many said the motive was to keep it available for the somewhat distant date of exhaustion of our oil supply. To this there is an answer in tangible form—a plant is at this moment being erected in New Jersey. Compared with our oil supply, we have many times as great a supply of coal—at the present rate of use, four thousand years of it. A while back there was a scare about early oil exhaustion. Science has already provided the answer.

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Windows on the World

By Malcolm W. Davis

GOOVER they called him in Russia—not having an H to their names in the Slavic alphabet—when the American Relief Administration, under his direction, was fighting famine along the Volga. But they knew him, even if they could not pronounce either of his names. So did the Chinese when starvation and plague ravaged Shantung, and the Japanese when earthquake and fire laid waste Tokyo and Yokohama. Before all that, during the war, Belgium knew "Monsieur Ouvaire" and his relief work, and all the Allied nations knew the Food Administrator who kept supplies flowing in to them. And later, after the Armistice, Germany and Austria knew him gratefully and—with practice—could say Hoover.

So it is not strange that newspapers abroad should respond immediately with comment when the Republican Party nominated him for President. For the first time, the United States had a candidate with whom they could feel familiar. Harding, Wilson, Taft, even Roosevelt—all were names at first. Hoover, to all the world, is a personality.

Almost all of the articles and editorials about him in the foreign press so far, the cabled extracts show, have been friendly. Belgium appears to be particularly thrilled at the prospect—which Belgians take as a certainty—that her benefactor may occupy the White House. Great Britain seems to think of him primarily as a type of American super-organizer, "the first business man in a nation of business men," peculiarly well fitted to direct international policies of industry and trade. To all of Europe, evidently, Hoover is a symbol of the wealth and productive power of the United States. At the same time, Europe emphasizes his knowledge of other countries all around the earth, and his awareness of their economic interdependence. Englishmen and Europeans regard him as the first American candidate with a consciousness, gained from direct contact and experience, of the world as a whole.

When they recall his conviction concerning reparations and war debts, that Europe can and should pay, enthusiasm for him is tempered with reservations. They do not like his strong stand in this matter. But they would expect him, in office, to be so broad in his views that he would accept and support the proposal to fund both war damage and war debt claims in one general loan, to be raised by public subscription in international money markets, and so to transfer the whole issue from the sphere of politics to the sphere of finance. By and large, the spokesmen of other peoples see in Hoover, primarily, the humanitarian dominating and animating the engineer and executive. They expect that he would increase the envied prosperity of the United States, but that he would at the same time be aware of the needs of other nations and of the desirability of adjusting American policy to practical forms of co-operation that would advance the common interests of all.

(C) Keystone

A PEACE-TIME INVASION OF FRANCE

The cabby who drove from Berlin to Paris treats his horse to a light refreshment en route

SECRETARY KELLOGG'S SUGGESTION that the dispute between Guatemala and Honduras over their frontier be referred to the International Central American Tribunal for arbitration has improved a dangerous situation. President Paz Barraona, of Honduras, has declared that Mr. Kellogg's plan will be adopted. The proposal followed a request from the contestant nations that the American member of the Mixed Boundary Commission trace the dividing line. The diplomacy of the Secretary of State has redirected the question to the joint tribunal under whose jurisdiction it properly belongs.

Honduras protested some four months ago against an attack from Guatemala on a Honduran garrison, and also criticised Guatemala for granting a concession to the United Fruit Company in 1924 in the disputed territory. Fruit companies, and interest in concession agreements with them, are in the background of the controversy, for on the Honduran side of the border there is the Cuyamel Fruit Company.

In Panama the United States is being dragged into another election fight, because former President Porras, candidate of the National Coalition Party, asserts that he and his leaders get an unfavorable reception at the United States Legation, while leaders of the Government party are welcome there. An editorial in "El Tiempo," an organ of the Liberal Party, now in power, to which Porras adhered, ridicules these charges and denies that the United States Minister would mix in an internal political contest.

BELA KUN, who headed the short-lived Soviet administration of Hungary in 1919 and was recently caught in Austria running a "wholesale drug business" under a false passport, is to go back to Russia by airplane. The Austrian authorities assert that he was engaged in a conspiracy to set up a new Communistic régime in Hungary. The Hungarian Government has tried hard to get him into its hands, but the Austrian Government—which banished him once and now banishes him again—has decided to extradite him to Leningrad instead of to Budapest.

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Will Hoover Speak Out?

THE Republican Party has nominated as their candidate for President an unknown man. That is a bewildering thing to say of a candidate whose name is a household word on two continents and whose beneficent activities have extended from the Occident to the Orient. Yet the fact remains that, so far as Hoover's attitude toward the major problems of American life is concerned, his mind remains an unexplored territory.

What Hoover has done is known. The record shows clearly that he is a humanitarian, a brilliant organizer in fields in which he can exert his power as an unhampered executive, a faithful steward of public trust, and a devoted student of economic law; but this same record shows a blank page when we turn to ask what Herbert Hoover thinks.

It is possible that Herbert Hoover's deeds, plus the normal Republican majority, may carry him into the White House. Yet faced with the prospect of a campaigning opponent of the caliber of Governor Smith, faced too with the generous ammunition which Republican misdeeds have supplied for Democratic cannon, it seems certain that Herbert Hoover will need to wage a positive fight if he is to deserve victory. Anything less will put the Republican Party on the defensive from the outset.

For seven years Herbert Hoover has served as a Cabinet member in two Republican Administrations. Now his nomination for the Presidency releases him from any obligation to refrain from placing his own opinions before the public.

If the platform upon which Herbert Hoover stands is to mean anything in the campaign, its glittering generalities must be vitalized into definite policies bearing the stamp of Hoover's mind and Hoover's personality. The country has a right to know how Hoover interprets the glib phrases of the platform-makers. He must breathe the breath of purpose into the dry bones of empty words. He must give life to symbols which are otherwise only dust and ashes.

First and foremost among these matters of National policy which must be stamped with the mintage of Hoover's mind is the question of agricultural relief. The Republican record on this question is only negatively good. The party has condemned measures economically unsound. It has enacted no legislation in their place. Here, indeed, is an opportunity for constructive leadership from the Republican candidate. No man, we are told, has a better understanding of economic laws. If that is so, the country has a right to look to this man for a clear exposition of these laws as they apply to agriculture, and for leadership of a high order in solving the problems of the one industry which is both economically and socially basic.

Next comes prohibition. Herbert Hoover has indorsed prohibition as a noble experiment, and the platform upon which he stands is flatly in favor of the vigorous prosecution of the experiment. What definite ideas has Herbert Hoover as to the methods by which the experiment can be brought to a successful conclusion? How does he meet the arguments of those who declare that it is already a failure; that it is not a noble experiment, but a monstrous mistake? How will he protect the essential liberties of the people and at the same time curtail those forces of lawlessness which have gained in strength during the eight years of attempts at law enforcement? He has a record for selecting able assistants. Can he find friends of prohibition who are neither fools nor fanatics and who will be able to build up an efficient and powerful organization for the enforcement of this law which has so many defenders who give it lip service and so few who are willing to sacrifice themselves to make it the life as well as the law of America? Has he the courage to ask of Congress adequate support for the Volstead Act? If he does, he will win, not only the loyalty of the drys, but also the respect of the wets. Halfway measures will get him no friends in either party.

Mr. Hoover has spoken once since his nomination, and there are some promising implications in the message to Senator Moses, quoted elsewhere in this issue. He realizes that beyond tariff and farm relief and general prosperity, there are moral and spiritual issues in this campaign. He seems to look upon the Presidency in the manner of Roosevelt and Wilson—as an opportunity for leadership. But Mr. Hoover also "stands upon the platform." These statements do not lie well together. The Republican platform is not a spiritual document. It is not a platform on which a leader can stand. Either Mr. Hoover must use it as a springboard, or he must get out his T-Square and true it to his own utterances. The questions that The Outlook asks here, that many are asking, were not answered by the platform-makers at Kansas City.

The American people have other great problems which are peculiarly within the past experience of Herbert Hoover. Upon none of these issues has the thought of Herbert Hoover been clearly heard. These are matters of economic engineering—the control of super-power, the Great Lakes waterways, the plan for binding the Mississippi, the construction of Boulder Dam—all matters upon which the Republican candidate from his very nature inevitably must harbor positive views. Before the election in November the people have a right to know what those views are.

We turn last of all to foreign affairs. Herbert Hoover has had the closest contact with the leaders of foreign nations of any man who has been a candidate for the office of President within our history. He ought to be pre-eminently equipped to define in exact and clear-cut terms his views of our future relations with our neighbors overseas.

He was once an advocate of our joining the League of Nations. Does he now regard such a membership as a dead issue? How far is he prepared to urge our political and economic co-operation with foreign countries? How wide a field is he inclined to reserve for independent action on the part of the United States? America wants to know.

A little more than four months remain before the election. They are four months of vital concern for Herbert Hoover and his party. If in that period of time he assumes the mantle of constructive leadership, he will be a hard man to beat. If he fails, if he is merely, as William Allen White says, an "adding machine," America may wake up on the morning after election day to discover that a few thousand votes in some pivotal State have turned the scales against him; and that the positive Alfred Smith, graduate from the hard school of the streets of New York, and colorful executive of the Empire State, is to be the next occupant of the White House.

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Without Benefit of Delegates

By HENRY F. PRINGLE

THE Republican National Convention of 1928 actually came to a conclusion before it began. The delegates, proud and happy with their multicolored badges, might as well have started for home on the eve of the opening session. They would have saved large sums of money, would have accomplished exactly as much, and would—happiest of all—have escaped the sonorous, dull, complacent keynote address of the Hon. Simeon D. Fess, of Ohio.

The hammers of carpenters were still resounding in Convention Hall and the loud speakers were being tested when, in the Hotel Muehlebach—the Ritz of Kansas City—the words were spoken which insured the nomination of Herbert Hoover for President of the United States. This was at approximately seven o'clock on the evening of June 11, with the Convention not due to assemble until the following morning. Even before this, in a room that was closely guarded, men had labored to bring forth a platform which again consecrates the G. O. P. to the gospel of Things as They Are; a platform which says nothing about corruption save in the vaguest of terms, which does not mention Will Hays, Sinclair, or Fall, which is silent on Teapot Dome, and which speaks out chiefly for prohibition, a high tariff, tax reduction, and restriction of immigration. The platform indorses "without qualification" the record of Calvin Coolidge, who this summer will fish in peace and quiet and will permit a faint back-country Vermont grin to play about his lips as he watches Mr. Hoover writhe in cowboy suits or pitch hay while the movie cameras click. The platform sets forth that "the record of the Republican Party is the record of the advancement of the Nation" and that the party justly claims "a major share of the credit for the position which the United States occupies today as the most-favored nation on the globe."

But with the drafting of this self-congratulatory document the delegates to the Convention had little to do; except in the cases where they were also influential politically. Nor did they, even, control the nomination of a Vice-President. The selection of Senator Charles Curtis, of Kansas, was dictated by expediency. His name was the result of prolonged conferences after Hoover had been formally nominated. He was chosen to appease the irritated farmers, who talk noisily of hurrying to the Democratic rally at Houston. And he is enormously satisfactory because, having voted both for and against the McNary-Haugen Bill, each wing of the party can praise him as an ally when the spell-binding begins. Strangely enough, even the international bankers, suspicious of Hoover, are pleased with Curtis.

I AM not saying that the 1928 Convention was manipulated by party bosses, as was the session of 1920, when a group of leaders gathered at the Blackstone Hotel in Chicago to do the bidding of Harry Daugherty. Herbert Hoover is unquestionably the popular choice of the members of his party. Unquestionably he is its most able son. And, despite the dissatisfaction of the farm group, he is more likely to win for the G. O. P. than any other man who could have been named. My point is, simply, that the 1928 Convention was one in which the delegates themselves played a drab and silent rôle. Hoover, having won more delegations than any other aspirant, came to Kansas City with great assets. But he came also with definite handicaps. The farmers were protesting that, as a member of the Coolidge Cabinet, he must share the blame for the McNary-Haugen veto. The New York delegates, influenced by the fact that elements in Wall Street do not trust Hoover, were determined to draft Coolidge—and thereby wreck his chances. A "coalition" of Lowden, Watson, and Goff had been formed against him. And yet the Hoover hopes became realities in the twinkling of an eye. His nomination became a certainty because the leaders of the party, if such they can be called, lost their nerve and capitulated to the popular choice without making a fight, without waiting for the delegates to convene. Let us view the spectacle, as novel as any in all the grotesqueries of American political history:

The Convention was called for Tuesday, and the city was well filled with visitors by Monday morning. California had arrived, with bands blaring "California, Here I Come." So had most of the other delegations. The hotel lobbies were jammed with delegates, their wives, hangers-on, newspaper correspondents, and sightseers. But Andrew W. Mellon and his Pennsylvania cohorts were still on the way. What would Mr. Mellon do? As his train made its way across the country between Pittsburgh and Kansas City he was bombarded at every station, and each time he said that there was nothing he could say. In Kansas City the afternoon newspapers were snapped up hungrily. Would the "greatest Secretary of the Treasury since Alexander Hamilton" insist on drafting the silent man in the White House? Was he not really opposed to Hoover, despite his statement that the Secretary of Commerce would make an excellent President? The crowds in the Muehlebach lowered their voices as they talked of the influence wielded by this one man. He was, they whispered, the dictator of the Convention, a man sagging beneath his power. The "allies," as the Hoover foes were now calling themselves, prepared to make overtures. As Mellon went, so would go the Convention!

Down at the Union Station, in the afternoon, a battalion of newspaper correspondents waited for the special train bearing Mr. Mellon. He arrived at about four o'clock, surrounded by a horde of guards and secretaries. Emaciated, looking very weary, and with his white mustache drooping even more than usual, the Secretary of the Treasury glanced in fright at the crowd and scurried for a motor. No, he had nothing to say. He would be at the hotel at five o'clock, and he would see the reporters then, merely to greet them. The Pennsylvania delegation would caucus in the morning, and a decision would perhaps be reached at that time.

BY five o'clock the correspondents were surging through the corridors on the fourth floor of the Muehlebach, but Mr. Mellon was not to be found. Then an aide announced that the statement, if any, would be made at eight o'clock, instead. Would the gentlemen of the press return? They would, and did. This time their number was up to three hundred, and again they pushed and shoved through the corridors. But again the pallid Mr. Mellon was missing. And at this moment word reached the fourth floor that William S. Vare, the Philadel-

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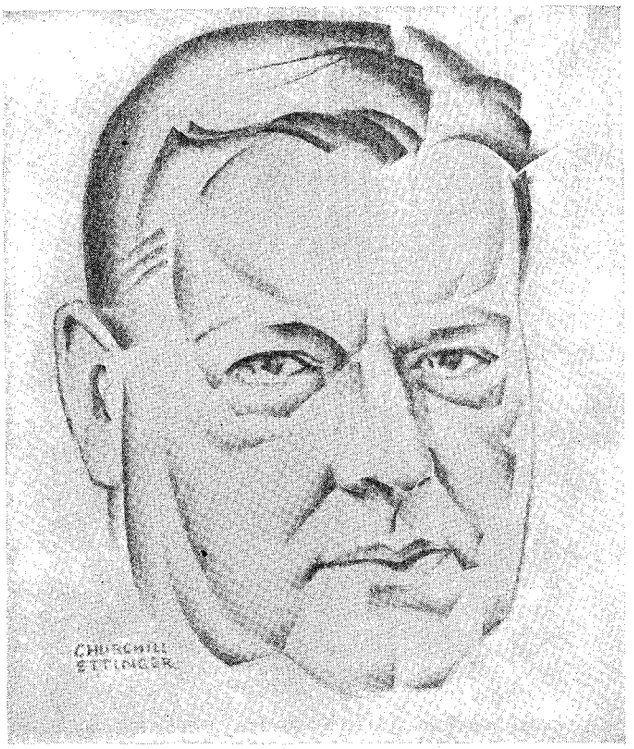

Herbert Hoover

phia boss whom the United States Senate had refused to seat, had issued a formal statement predicting that the 79 votes of the Pennsylvania delegation would go to Hoover. There followed an extraordinary spectacle as the correspondents dashed through the halls calling for the personal appearance of Mellon. Did this mean a revolt, or had Vare, one of the most discredited men in the party, stolen Mellon's thunder? Was Mellon a myth? As they searched, in vain, United States Senator David Reed, of Pennsylvania, the Secretary's faithful friend and follower, approached. He held up his hands for quiet, and then clambered up on a chair. He had, he announced at the top of his voice, a statement from Mr. Mellon. Silence fell, and during it the Senator repeated the previous word—that Mellon would say nothing until morning. Nor was anything more needed; the Mellon myth had been dissolved, Hoover was within striking distance of a majority, the New York delegation groaned—hearing of it all at their hotel—that they had been deserted, double-crossed, and made to appear almost as silly as Mr. Mellon himself. They even went so far as to criticise Calvin Coolidge. Several hours later, while the correspondents still waited for a chance to see the Secretary of the Treasury, a youthful reporter for the New York "World," Charles J. V. Murphy, chanced to be passing down the corridor. Through a half-open door he saw Mellon, alone and disconsolate. Knocking, he looked in. Mellon, seeing that this was an individual, and not an army, screwed up his courage and did not run. Instead, he murmured that he was "very tired," that there was nothing he could say. The Pennsylvania delegation would caucus in the—

"But, Mr. Secretary," interrupted Murphy, who had been writing politics for but a few weeks, and was not aware that the question was highly improper, "would it not be correct to say that you will use your influence to have the delegation vote for Mr. Hoover?"

"Yes," said Mellon briefly. And Murphy, rushing to a telegraph key, sent a despatch that stopped the presses in the Pulitzer Building in New York. The next morning it was officially announced that Pennsylvania's strength belonged to Hoover. Vare found himself in the rather astonishing rôle of a man who had furthered the public will. It would, as some Convention wit has pointed out, have been a courteous thing for the gathering to have named the Philadelphia boss as the party's Vice-Presidential nominee, and have insured thereby his admission to the Senate chamber. There he could wreak revenge on the Senators who, thus far, have declined to give him his seat.

And now to the Convention. A gloomy hall with quantities of vacant seats, a large platform in the center with microphones, a flag, or two, and some bunting, and above it large portraits of Calvin Coolidge and Abraham Lincoln. Directly across from the dais is another long platform, this one hung from the ceiling, with rows of huge arc lights and scores of still and motion picture camera men. Higher up still, the girders of Convention Hall are sparsely covered with flags and bunting. Down on the floor of the hall are the standards of the State delegations. On either side of the dais are the seats for the newspaper correspondents. And on the platform itself are the great men of the Republican Party, the National Committeemen, the party managers, the officials, the members of the local committee, whose arguments and cash brought the Convention to Kansas City. The Republican Convention of 1928 was called to order precisely at eleven o'clock on the morning of June 12. But no one seemed unduly excited over that fact. The galleries filled but slowly, and the delegates were talking or reading newspapers. There was nothing to get excited about, for Hoover was certain to be the nominee, and only the bitter-enders, the die-hards, and the embarrassed New York delegation were troubled by doubts or perplexities.

The white-haired, stolid William M. Butler, Chairman of the Republican National Committee, hammered for order at eleven o'clock, and the hum of conversation subsided a little, the arc lights hissed and flared, and the hall gleamed with a light like that of the sun sliding into an eclipse; a queer, brilliant light unlike that of either the sun or the full moon. It seemed to increase the heat of the hall, and those in its glare shifted uncomfortably. Convention Hall at Kansas City is not well ventilated, and this was unfortunate, for the weather outside had been ideal. Only occasionally during the middle of the day had it been warm, and at night the temperature had sent the California delegates into moody fits of jealousy. Throughout the Convention there was no discomfort, except in the hall itself. The boosters who staged the Convention will, no doubt, make the most of this fact in the pamphlets they issue in the future.

The arc lights in full blast, Chairman Butler introduced the Right Rev. S. C. Partridge, Episcopal bishop. But no one

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seemed to listen to the lengthy prayer, an appeal for divine guidance, although the Bishop's resonant voice roared out from the cluster of amplifiers above his head. And no one listened, either, to the rigmarole of the formal call for the Convention—droned out by Mr. Butler. Then came a short address by the Chairman, in which he ventured to predict a Republican victory in November. And, finally, Senator Fess, of Ohio, was presented, the keynote speaker, the man whose words were to be rushed into print and used in a guide-book for the orators of the coming campaign.

It is not without interest to the student of political phenomena to recall that in 1918 Senator Fess was actively engaged in the election of a Republican Congress. President Wilson had appealed to the Nation to send Democrats to Washington, and thereby insure support for his program. Hoover, serving as Food Administrator, had publicly joined in this appeal, to his everlasting regret. And Fess, irritated and annoyed, had promised himself that he would some day obtain revenge. The opportunity came two years later, when Hoover, discussed as the Presidential nominee by both parties, finally decided that he preferred to be called a Republican. The Ohio guardsman issued numerous statements ridiculing this decision and pointing out Hoover's treason two years before. He even went to Harding and asked that no berth in the Cabinet be given to Hoover.

ALL this had been forgotten, however, as the 1928 Convention began. Fess, a white-haired, mild-mannered little man, began a long and dreary speech in which he revealed that the millennium, if not actually at hand, was but a short distance away—if only the Republican Party were kept in office. Industrial supremacy, high wages, lowered production costs, greater distribution of wealth, harmony between capital and labor, increases in exports, the protective tariff, high standards of living, farm rehabilitation, Coolidge economy, Coolidge efficiency, Coolidge integrity, Coolidge genius, reduction of the public debt from this sum to that sum, aviation, roads, law enforcement, world peace, adjustment of foreign loans—the Senator's voice droned on and on as, one by one, the delegates and the alternates slipped out into the corridors for a cigarette or a pipe. There was scattered applause, toward the beginning, when he mentioned the Secretary of Commerce. But it was only momentary, and the Convention immediately resumed its private meditation. A few of the faithful chanced to be listening when he called for further restriction of immigration, when he pledged the Republican Party to the enforcement of the Volstead Act, when he told of the accomplishments of the Harding and Coolidge Administrations toward world peace. For the most part, though, the oration was received in profound, prolonged, and, no doubt, respectful silence. The Senator from Ohio had been chosen to speak because he was known to be "safe." No new ideas, the leaders felt, would come from his lips. And none did. He said nothing about the oil scandals or the other late difficulties of the party, and his only references to Harding were in praise. But that is what keynote speeches are for—no one takes them seriously except the men who make them and those who will rehash the same material in the campaigns which follow. There was not, perhaps, a single original idea in the entire ten thousand words uttered by Fess. It was a foretaste of the party platform being born in a conference of leaders as he was speaking. Only when he came to the eulogy of Coolidge did Fess raise his voice, glow with pride, make a gesture or two. Then he said:

> Few are his words, decisive his judgments. His comprehension of problems is broad, his vision clear, and his action dauntless. His conception of public duty forestalls the employment of mere political expediency. He spurns the arts of the demagogue, and strengthens the passion of public rectitude. . . . After five years and seven months of leadership in our Nation, he leaves office by his own fiat, which appears to be final and is so interpreted by many of his friends in spite of the fact that his nomination and election would be a foregone conclusion did he not forbid.
>
> This hold upon the confidence of the American people of every name, class, and creed, without regard to partisan feeling, makes Calvin Coolidge the greatest personal and political force in the world today.

THIS Convention at Kansas City was one of the dullest in history. It was partly because the last element of suspense was eliminated when Vare stole his march on Mellon. But it was also due to the fact that Hoover, for all the thousands of loyal and devoted supporters that he wins, is not a man to inspire emotional enthusiasms.

It was the belated appearance of a few farmers which provided the principal excitement. The promise that from 50,000 to 100,000 indignant agriculturists would storm Kansas City failed to materialize. But by Tuesday night the headquarters which had been opened, with the encouragement of Lowden supporters, was well filled with men of the soil. They were, in the opinion of this observer, real farmers. They had come in from Nebraska and Kansas and a few from Illinois and Iowa. Most of them had been working hard for years. Their faces were lined and burned by repeated suns into a leathery brown. They wore their "store clothes" uneasily, and felt, as they waited for something to happen, both out of place and ridiculous. Few, if any of them, understood the details of the McNary-Haugen Bill. But all had been assured that its approval by Coolidge would have meant prosperity. And they were unanimous in their hostility toward Hoover.

Just what they expected to do at the Convention was vague to most of them. Their confidence increased, however, under the influence of repeated and fiery orations. "Let us tell the G. O. P.," the speakers yelled, "that the American farmer is not a peasant! Let us be orderly, but determined and insistent." The Committee on Resolutions, then in session, would be stormed and a plank indorsing the McNary-Haugen measure, with the equalization fee and everything else, was certain to be granted. So the farmers listened and agreed, and later, while the lobbies of the hotels were massed with people, they began to parade. They were slightly pathetic as they shuffled along, about three hundred strong, shouting, "We Won't Vote for Hoover." They were even a little absurd as they respectfully removed their hats in the splendor of the Muehlebach lobby. And they were, largely, ludicrous when, exhorted by the orators, they made their way to the resolutions session to seek a farm plank giving "agricultural equality." Then, as on their parades through the hotels, they carried banners calling for "Anybody but Hoover," praising the McNary-Haugen Bill, and protesting that they were not "Reds or radicals, just Republicans." The Platform Committee listened to their leaders, among whom was Governor Adam McMullen, of Nebraska, and swiftly proceeded to draft a plank disapproving the statute which Coolidge had vetoed.

AGAIN, on Wednesday, the farmers paraded. This time they were led by a band playing a funeral dirge and they marched around and around the Convention Hall as though they expected, quite half-heartedly, as they expected most things, the walls to fall

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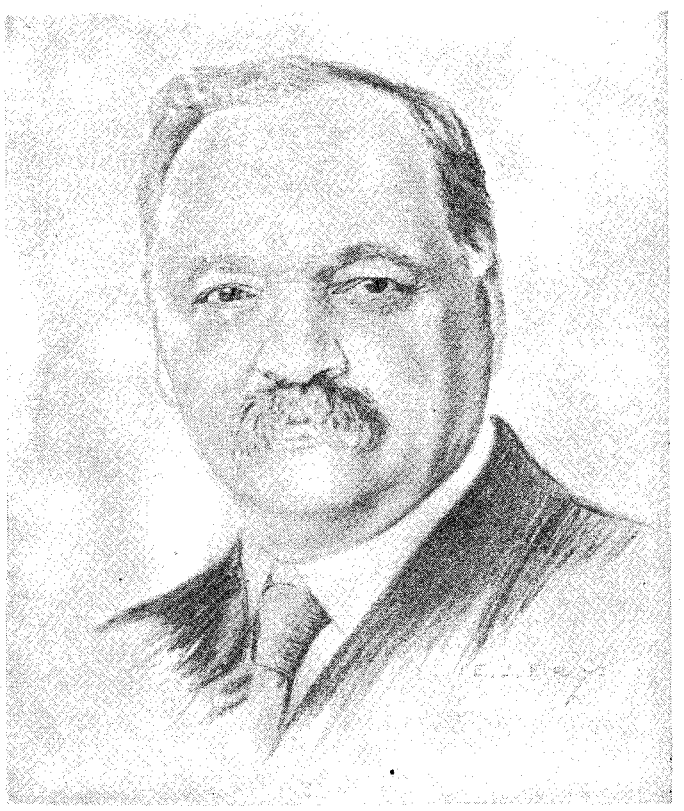

Charles Curtis

down. A few made an effort to crash the gate, for the G. O. P. had no tickets to waste on discontented farmers. But they were quickly repulsed by the guards, and resumed their mournful marching. Inside the hall, while all this went on, Senator Fess was giving a long explanation of why, on the previous day, he had forgotten to eulogize Theodore Roosevelt along with the other mighty figures of the Republican Party. The sudden flare of the photographers' flood-lights, he said, had disconcerted him just as he had reached that passage. He pointed to the printed copies of his keynote address, given in advance to the newspapers, as proof of the fact that he had intended no slight to the lamented Bull Moose or any other liberal elements in the party.

But this story of the Convention, prolonged much further, would approach the sessions themselves in dullness. The delegates heard George Moses, United States Senator from New Hampshire, and widely known as the wittiest man in the Senate, make a speech in which he pointed out that Governor Alfred E. Smith was to be the Democratic nominee, and that the aroused Republicans would "welcome him to a bloody grave." The Convention was in session for only two or three hours, because the platform was not yet ready. Mild interest was aroused by a vote on a report of the Credentials Committee, but this merely demonstrated the strength of Hoover, and every one settled back into his waking drowsiness.

In contrast to the rest, the third day of the Convention contained much that was dramatic. It witnessed a brisk debate on the farm plank, with more bitterness under the surface than the leaders of the G. O. P. care to think about. There was a really stirring moment when United States Senator Robert M. La Follette carried on the battle of his father and presented a minority platform, a platform marked by courage, vigor, and outspoken directness. During the day Frank O. Lowden, of Illinois, the leader of the "allies" and the agriculturists seeking Hoover's defeat, withdrew as a candidate because of disgust for the party's farm plank. And, finally, there was the anti-climactic nomination of Herbert Hoover, with a demonstration which the Hooverites sought desperately to make enthusiastic, but which was, at best, only mildly so.

The selection of Senator Curtis was the real admission of the Republican Party that all is not well with the farmer —even though keynote speeches burble of his industry and prosperity. It would be incorrect, of course, to regard the withdrawal of Lowden as the threat of an immediate third-party movement. There is, as far as I can see, no one to lead such a movement, for certainly Lowden himself has failed to demonstrate striking leadership. The withdrawal came during the nominating speeches at the evening session. He had stated before, Lowden said, that he did not "want the nomination unless the Republican Party was prepared to meet fully and fairly the agricultural problem." He went on:

> I have waited upon no particular remedy, but I have stated at all times if there was a better method than the so-called equalization fee I would gladly accept it. I have urged, however, that it is the duty of the Republican Party to find some way to rescue agriculture from the ruin that threatened it.
>
> This, in my judgment, the Convention by its platform just adopted has failed to do. I therefore authorize the withdrawal of my name from the floor of the Convention.
>
> Though I cease to be a candidate, my interest in the cause is in no way abated.

THE last paragraph of Lowden's statement caused, naturally, rumor of a third-party movement. But certainly the former Governor of Illinois has taken no action toward this, and his friends denied that he has any in mind. He left immediately for his home, and his withdrawal had, it seemed as the Convention adjourned, irritated rather than pleased the farmers. Besides, the farmers were feeling happy over the nomination of Curtis and many of them were assuring themselves that this time, even if never before, the G. O. P. intended to carry out its platform promises and that everything was for the best. It does mean, however, that Lowden will take no part in the approaching campaign. The Democrats, particularly if there is a satisfactory farm plank in the Houston platform, will find encouragement in the thought that there will be wholesale defections in Illinois and in other States in the Middle West.

The party steam-roller was working with swiftness and efficiency during the debates on the farm plank and on the minority platform. There were plenty of speeches, but the votes inevitably supported the majority platform, a ponderous document read in dull, monotonous, virtually inaudible tones by United States Senator Reed Smoot, of Utah, Chairman of the Resolutions Committee, at the start of the morning section.

The appearance of "young Bob La Follette," as he is universally called, was the signal for really sincere applause. Slight, with dark hair and a boyish face,

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the present La Follette seems to have better balance than his father. Instead of being tragic, he is good-humored. He denounces without scolding. And yet all the old protest is there and all the old fire.

The minority agricultural plank may be wrong in fact and in theory, since it includes definite approval of the McNary-Haugen Bill. But from the lips of La Follette it became apparent, for the first time during the Convention, that here was a cause which really mattered —not an issue made formidable by scheming politicians. For eight years, the young Senator said, the agricultural industry had languished. Through the "fertile lands of the West and South bankruptcy has stalked, counting its victims by the hundreds of thousands, until today the specter of peasantry haunts those who till the soil to give the Nation bread." The minority platform denounced the monopolization of electric light, heat, and power. It favored the retention of Government title to such natural resources as coal, oil, water power, and timber. It attacked the $3,000,000,000 naval building program as "a wasteful expenditure of taxpayers' money and as creating a rivalry in armaments, endangering the peace of the world."

"We favor," said La Follette, "firm treaty agreements with all nations to outlaw war, to abolish conscription, drastically to reduce land, air, and naval armaments, and to guarantee public referendum on peace and war."

And then the minority platform referred to corruption:

> As a classic example of the fruits of privilege, we cite the leasing of the Naval Oil Reserves, justly branded by the Supreme Court of the United States as a fraudulent transaction made by means of collusion and conspiracy.
>
> In the name of the rank and file of the Republican Party, we repudiate this transaction in its entirety. We resent the insinuation that the honest and patriotic millions of our party are chargeable in any degree with responsibility for the leasing of these reserves by "a faithless public official" or for the perfidy of a former chairman of the National Committee who assumed, in the name of our party, to accept a portion of the profits derived from this corrupt conspiracy.

WHY in the world the G. O. P. party leaders declined to accept this plank, why they preferred a bromidic one calling for "honesty in government"

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IN CONVENTION ASSEMBLED

A general view of the opening session of the Republican National Convention with Senator William A. Butler presiding

and deploring that "certain American citizens of both parties" have wandered from the path of honor—why politicians act in this fashion—is one of the things which makes the conscientious citizen play golf on election day. The La Follette platform, it is my view, was sincere, direct, and honest. Certainly it was brief enough to be understandable and well enough written to be easy to read. The majority platform was dull, rambling, filled with statements and arguments dictated by expediency.

They came, at last, to a vote on the minority report. Senator Moses called for the "ayes," and from the Wisconsin delegation and from a few other places in the hall came a few, scattered affirmations. The "noes" were overwhelming.

"For twenty years," murmured William Allen White, editor of the Emporia "Gazette," to the correspondent beside him, "I have been listening to the still, small voice of the Wisconsin delegation that is the conscience of the Republican Party."

The nomination of Herbert Hoover was accomplished at the evening session on the third day. Alabama yielded to California, and John L. McNab, a neighbor in Palo Alto, arose to make the speech. He achieved in one brief moment immortality as the maker of a nominating speech. Instead of numerous "a man who," "this great citizen who," "this brilliant mentality who"—an invariable custom—McNab mentioned Hoover's name in the first sentence. The demonstration, partly synthetic and partly real, lasted for almost a half-hour. It came close to dying on several occasions, but the appearance of a large portrait carried by two of the Hooverites gave it new life. There was a disorganized parade in which most of the State standards were carried. Then McNab went on with his long biographical eulogy. The names of Curtis, Watson, and Goff were also placed in nomination, and then, towards the end, the Hon. Ralph D. Cole, of Ohio, appeared on the dais. His first choice for President, he said, had been the late Senator Willis. Next he had favored Governor Lowden, whose withdrawal message had been read an hour before. His third choice, Mr. Cole said, was "a real American," Calvin Coolidge.

A half-hour later the result of the ballot was announced: Hoover had 837 votes; Lowden, 74; Curtis, 64; Watson, 45; Coolidge, 17; Goff, 18; Dawes 4; and Norris, 24. Only 545 were necessary for a nomination, and a motion was in order to make the nomination unanimous.

"Aye," yelled the Hoover followers.

"No," replied the farm bloc and the other die-hards.

"The motion to make the nomination unanimous is carried," ruled Chairman Moses, "and it is so ordered."

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From Coolidge to Hoover

By

ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT

ON Herbert Hoover and his sincere supporters will depend the justification of the Republican Convention at Kansas City.

Only once before has there been within my memory anything like a parallel to this. That was when the Democratic Convention at Baltimore, after a struggle that was ended only by the casting of New York's ninety votes, under the command of Charles F. Murphy, nominated Woodrow Wilson. Then, as now, it was the nominee, and not the participants in the Convention or their doings, that determined the Convention's place in history.

In each case the man whom a fallible, confused, and in many respects sordid Convention selected was of all the possible candidates the one most highly qualified to be President. At least there is as little doubt about Herbert Hoover's qualifications now as there was about Woodrow Wilson's qualifications then.

And this is not only the opinion registered by the Convention. It is the opinion which was registered by Republicans in all sections of the country before the Convention began. In fact, Herbert Hoover was the only candidate before the Convention that had received anything like a National indorsement. His candidacy was from the grassroots. It came from the most widespread popular demand. It was ably managed. Herbert Hoover is of the sort that appeals both to idealists and to practical people. His record in the war as an organizer of humanitarian relief explains that. And when the Convention met he had just a little less—and potentially somewhat more—than a majority of the delegates.

To begin with, that was a Coolidge Convention. It was bound to be. No party in power, unless it is staging a revolution, can be otherwise than pro-Administration. Besides, the great majority were really for Coolidge and would have voted for him if they could. There was not so much as a whisper of third-term opposition that I heard directly or indirectly. And among those who would have been very willing to vote for Coolidge were many—perhaps most—of the Hooverites. It was on the basis of friendliness to Coolidge, of whose Administration Hoover was a part, that the Hoover delegates were chosen. That was also bound to be. Hoover had cast his lot with Coolidge. It was only on the assumption that Coolidge would not consent to be a candidate that Hoover had become a candidate himself. So the Hoover delegates, comprising openly about one-half of the Convention, as well as many of the others, were necessarily Coolidge delegates. Consequently the stage-management was orthodox.

ORTHODOX though it was, however, in outward appearance, with the initials G. O. P. designed in the form of an elephant displayed everywhere, it was not a bossed Convention. There was no coterie of bosses in control or even in near control. There were bosses there, but they were little bosses, inefficient, and mostly at odds with one another. The good old days of Quay and Penrose, of Platt and Barnes, of Murray Crane and the rest, are of the long ago. Bascomb Slemp, like Hitchcock (whom, by the way, I saw there, looking a little but not much older), may round up Southern delegates in a good cause; but Vare and Mellon and Hilles and Watson and William N. Butler are not of the apostolic succession. They are not channels of effective political grace. They cannot keep even the orthodox in line. No worthy successors of the old bosses would have allowed the defeatist talk that emanated from orthodox groups and that led to some one's comment that this was the best Democratic Convention that the Republicans had ever held. There was, in fact, scarcely a delegation there reputed to be under orthodox control of a strict organization that did not have and exercise an element of revolt. Even within the very orthodox anti-Hoover faction of the New York delegation there was a split.

So, beneath the outward order, the promptness with which the sessions opened at the designated times, the usually dull proceedings, the absence of much of the old-time ballyhoo that has so often turned National Conventions into bear gardens, in spite of all the appearance of regularity, there was inward confusion. I have never known a convention in which it has seemed so hard to find out what was really going on. I think that was partly because there were so many different things going on at the same time, and partly because there was no source of real knowledge, no one who really knew.

Whether all this makes for political liberty or not is a matter of opinion. I think it does.

But certainly there is nothing of political liberty in the scandal of the so-called "Southern delegates"—that is, the delegates from those Southern States where there is practically no Republican Party except that consisting of Federal office-holders and their hangers-on. And that old scandal continues to the disgrace of the Republican Party. Of course, such delegations are for whoever is in power and will bring them to the Convention. In the struggle between Taft and Roosevelt in 1912 several of these delegations were rounded up for Roosevelt. Some of them this year were rounded up for Hoover. They represent no real party sentiment. Their appearance is pitiful. One colored delegate from Georgia rose during the roll-call on the Presidential nomination as the delegation (evidently split between two rival managers) was being polled on candidates to settle a dispute and voted, "No!" And later he or another from the same delegation, in addressing the chair, was asked, "For what purpose does the delegate rise?" and replied, stentoriously, "Hoovah!" The Convention, instead of laughing, might well have wept with chagrin.

OF course such delegations lend themselves to contests with little merit on either side. But there were contests in Florida and Texas, where real Republican organizations exist, that involved some principles. In Florida, it was a question of the validity of a rump convention held by a group that had refused to surrender to the majority the temporary roll of the regular convention. In Texas it was the question whether the party should follow the procedure laid down by the State law, as the Republican Convention rule prescribes, even though it is the law of a Democratic State. They involved issues fundamentally like those brought up in certain contests in 1912 in the struggle between Taft and Roosevelt and decided then in

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defiance of law and political morals. In the Convention this time those decisions were reversed. I heard the cases argued in appeal to the Credentials Committee. Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt presided with utmost fairness. Former Senator Lenroot argued the cases for the Hoover delegates. In one of the cases the decision by the National Committee, from which the appeal was taken, lacked but one vote of being unanimous—proof that the decision was reached without regard to the interests of the candidates, but on the merits of the case. For their part in this both Mrs. Willebrandt and Mr. Lenroot have since been most unjustly attacked by Senator Norris. The action of the Convention in these cases was highly creditable. Our Presidential conventions are as much a part of our Governmental institutions as is Congress. Anything that tends to raise one of them above the level of factional controversy to the level of justice and law is of concern to Americans without regard to party. These two cases, decided right by large majorities from beginning to end, have received little public attention, but they are one of the encouraging features of a Convention otherwise marked by much that was on a level of mere materialism.

It was certainly on that level of materialism when it began. Senator Fess's keynote speech was devoted to the praise of Republican prosperity. It is only fair to say that it was comparatively free from flag-waving. It was a professor's marshaling of statistics tending to show the advantage of keeping the Republican Party in power. It may serve as a source for campaign material, but as an oration it was a dead weight. It was delivered to an audience that soon became heedless. What could be more natural than that, with such a theme, Senator Fess should, in reciting the achievements of Republican Presidents, forget what he had planned to say about Roosevelt? That omission was one of the most genuine tributes Roosevelt received.

When Senator Moses—what President-makers our Senators have become!—received the gavel as Permanent Chairman he too made a speech. And with it injected into what was becoming, or seeming to become, a defeatist Convention the first vigorous words of fighting spirit. If he did not change the tone of the Convention, it was because no one could do so by a single speech. And, like the defeatists, he had Governor Smith in mind and, by a skillful and rather mordant reference to the commonness of the name, on his lips too.

So began the Convention, according to the traditions of the G. O. P.

But it did not end that way.

During those four days that Convention grew from a Coolidge Convention to a Hoover Convention. And it grew so because that was the way the majority of the delegates wanted it to grow.

To say that Vare put Hoover over by getting the start on Mellon in announcing Pennsylvania's decision for Hoover is to say that the crowing cock brings the dawn. That Convention was already for Hoover before Vare spoke. Massachusetts and Vermont, both Coolidge States, had already made their swing to Hoover known. Besides, there was nowhere else that Pennsylvania could go. Coolidge was out of the running. An anti-Coolidge candidate was impossible to such a Coolidge State. Hoover was the only Coolidge candidate in sight. And Pennsylvania was honeycombed with Hooverism. One Pennsylvania delegate, I am credibly informed, went to Mr. Mellon and said, in substance: "I will vote for Coolidge or I will vote for you; but if neither of you are available, I notify you now that I will vote for Hoover." That was typical of what was happening in the Pennsylvania delegation. And when a majority for Hoover became unmistakable there was nothing else but a Hoover vote for Pennsylvania or any other Coolidge State, Vare or no Vare.

From that time on interest in the Convention as a Presidential nominating machine ceased. It is true that some of the Lowdenites and Watsonites and Goffites still kept up their talk, in the vain hope of scaring the confident majority. It is true that supporters of Curtis professed to believe—and perhaps really did believe—that to avoid a split the Convention might turn to Curtis as a compromise, the enemy of none. But everybody knew—even my friend William Allen White, one of the solid block of the Curtis Kansas delegation, as good a Wilsonian as ever loyally followed Roosevelt—that there was no imaginable outcome but Hoover. Of course, the nominating speeches were yet to come, with two genuine demonstrations for Hoover, characterized by a rain of California poppies, and an equally genuine demonstration for the popular Curtis.

The selection of Curtis for Vice-President, which was the final important act of the Convention, was not so obvious in advance. Few doubted that he would consent, if the Vice-Presidential nomination were offered; but there were other candidates who seemed formidable. The renomination of Dawes seemed politically expedient to mollify the Lowden group and the agricultural section. Some man from the Atlantic coast was urged as a balance to California's Hoover and as anticipatory answer to Al Smith and the sidewalks of New York. But Curtis won on three counts—he is of the agricultural Central West, he is a natural "harmonizer," and he is peculiarly fitted, by reason of his long experience in Congress, for the duties of the Vice-Presidency. So Curtis it was on the first ballot.

But the Convention had another job besides nominating candidates—and a harder one. It had the job of reconstituting the party. And it really made some headway.

Evidence? Here is some.

Before the four days were over the old G. O. P. type of politician was on the defensive. His buncombe was treated with the disrespect of inattention. His *clichés* had become a bore. The speaker from West Virginia who nominated Goff had a precious list of them: "Eternal rock-ribbed mountains;" "There may be no angel of resurrection for the Grand Old Party"—at least that is what it sounded like through the din; and, after stopping for a moment to look at his notes, "Our candidate would make a great President." So manifestly bored were the delegates that the speaker was moved to tell them he would finish in two more paragraphs—and was thereupon cheered. Watson's nominator set forth the qualifications of Indiana's native and favorite son by declaring: "He can call more men and women by their first names than any other man living today. He has made more Republican speeches than any other man living today." And the Indiana delegate's words were soon inaudible in the din of universal conversation. Not even West Virginia or Indiana could start a general cheer for such drivel. By the end of the Convention Watson and Goff were not even in the background. That was a sign of progress for the G. O. P.

Another sign was the scant attention paid to the propaganda of prejudice. Not only were posters and handbills distributed attacking Hoover for his interest in the welfare of foreign peoples and attributing to him perverse antagonism to some foreign groups and equally perverse favoritism for others, but actually statements full of such prejudice were given out from more than one candidate's headquarters. As the Convention proceeded such appeals got less and less heed. I hope that religious prejudice fares as ill at Houston.

Another sign of effort to set the party

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in a new direction was the attention given to the framing of the platform. Undoubtedly Smoot, as Chairman of the Resolutions Committee, had prepared a draft, and his handiwork seems obvious in the final form. This Convention was not a revolutionary body, and it did not abandon the traditional cumbersome form or the complacent partisan tone characteristic of the platforms of American parties. The Republican platform lacks the ring of genuine emotion and strong conviction concerning principles of liberty that resounds in the substitute proposed by La Follette, of Wisconsin, and rejected by the Convention. Its tone is that of satisfaction with material welfare. It starts, not with human equality, but with steel rails. In that perhaps the voice of the Republican Party is the voice of the age. Such equality as it urges, or takes credit for, is economic equality—and that is something. But, whatever the defects or virtues—and there are some virtues—of the platform, there was a real effort to make the platform representative. It was not put over on the Convention. I attended the open hearings of the Resolution Committee. One after another causes were presented. During the hearing of the plea for the equalization fee for marketing agricultural surpluses several scores of farmers, wearing the yellow "Agriculture" badge, reinforced the plea with their presence. Prohibition was strongly discussed, pro and con. The Woman's Party was represented by a member who argued very persuasively for a plank in favor of a Constitutional Amendment putting women and men on an equality before the law, even to the annulment of laws for the special protection of women in industry. The other side was presented effectively by a member of a woman's trade union, asking for further protection against the exploitation of women in factories. That the framing of the platform was no sinecure is proved by the fact that the members of the sub-committee, of which Senator Borah was chairman, were in session continuously—except for a four-hour recess—for thirty-six hours.

AND in that platform are recorded three major decisions.

First, on prohibition. The issue was the annulment or repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. The attack was on the Amendment itself. By adopting its Committee's plank the Convention squarely took up the challenge. After quoting Washington and Lincoln on the duty of preserving the Constitution inviolate, the prohibition plank of the platform declares:

"The people through the method provided by the Constitution have written the Eighteenth Amendment into the Constitution. The Republican Party pledges itself and its nominees to the observance and vigorous enforcement of this provision of the Constitution."

That this represented the overwhelming opinion of the Convention as a necessary policy in this campaign and for the next four years was made clear by the summary manner in which the Convention laid President Nicholas Murray Butler's motion to exscind this plank on the table. As individuals, many members of the Convention who voted for this probably connive at the breaking of the Prohibition Law; they may have their opinions of the Volstead Act; but they are evidently convinced that the country wishes to continue the prohibition experiment and are willing to stake their party's fortunes on the maintenance of the Prohibition Amendment as it stands. Evasion by generalities on law enforcement no longer serves.

Then agriculture. When the Convention opened, and even before, every kind of pressure was employed to force the delegates at least to compromise on the so-called equalization fee as embodied in the McNary-Haugen Bill. This would have exacted from the producers of practically every agricultural staple a contribution for marketing the surplus of their product. The argument is, in brief, that now the farmer has to buy at the seller's prices and sell at the buyer's. To correct this inequality it is proposed to use this equalization fee to enable the farmer to hold his surplus until he can get his own price for it. The President vetoed this bill on the ground that it was unsound in economics and unconstitutional in empowering a private agency to collect a tax. Lowden, Dawes, the Wisconsin group, and many farm organizations defended this plan. Lowden declared he did not want the Presidency unless the party indorsed it, and actually withdrew when it did not—though then he was beaten already. Curtis voted for it, but also voted to sustain the President's veto. Farm organizers threatened the Convention with a huge "Caravan" coming to Kansas City to protest. On Sunday I was told at the Agricultural Headquarters that there would be fifty thousand farmers camping at Electric Park the next day. So on Monday afternoon, the day before the Convention, I went to Electric Park. I found not fifty thousand, but fifty. At least I was told there were about fifty there. I actually found nine cars, and as I left saw nine more drive in. I sat on the running-board of a Chevrolet and talked with its owner, who had driven four hundred miles with his son and a friend from a town in Illinois. He was very restrained, but uncompromising in his demand for the equalization fee. A few of the visiting farmers with a hired band tried later to break into the Convention Hall—at least, their leaders did. I saw them being shoved back by the police. The band and the line of farmers stood still and watched the proceedings without emotion.

It was not this demonstration, but the arguments of the spokesmen for the equalization fee that impressed the Convention. But the arguments of such men as Franklin Fort and Senator Borah, and even more, perhaps, the necessity for upholding the President, carried the day. There might have been a compromise. Indeed, neither of the substitute planks actually mentioned the equalization fee. Perhaps the compromise could have been camouflaged enough to save the President's face. But the Convention faced the issue squarely and declined to indorse the principle of the fee. In that there was no evasion.

AND again, campaign contributions. Out of a clear sky came a plank containing this pledge:

> The Republican Party, beginning not later than August 1, 1928, and every 30 days thereafter—the last publication being not later than five days before election—will file with the Committees of the House and Senate a complete account of all contributions, the names of the contributors, the amount expended, and for what purposes, and will at all times hold its records and books touching such matters open for inspection.
>
> The Party further pledges that it will not create, or permit to be created, any deficit which shall exist at the close of the campaign.

This also is explicit. It insures against a repetition of what happened in 1920. With this observed, there can be no Will H. Hays peddling bonds to conceal a contribution to a campaign deficit from the beneficiary of a transaction tainted with fraud.

On these three major planks the Republican platform does not straddle.

And the leader in all three was Senator Borah. It was he that forced the Republican Party to take a stand on the Eighteenth Amendment. It was he who

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Essays in Golf

By HERBERT REED
(Right Wing)

THAT greatest of golf essayists, Walter Hagen, once said that "the nearer the hole, the tougher the match." This was a long time ago, a time ago when Hagen was not his present "snooty" self, but just coming along. He has probably forgotten that statement, but he has lived up to it in full measure. So that now the time to watch Hagen is when he is off the line from the tee and has to plunge one gorgeous stocking into a water hazard, so that he may make use of a "rescue" iron. The occasion of the important statement was a match away out in San Francisco just before this country entered the war. Del Monte, to be exact. It is a pretty course, and a flat course, a course that, free from wind, puts something of a premium on putting. Hagen was playing a few preliminary rounds in which his putting seemed to be just a little over-ambitious. He was not merely inches, but feet past the hole every time. I asked him then what seemed to be the matter. His answer was that if he went over the mark at Del Monte he had a better than even chance to shut down on the Exposition course. No greater putting than he accomplished that day has ever been seen by the prince of all putters. Since that time match after match of the first magnitude has been won by putting, the great putts led up to by the dead approach to the pin.

IT is in just this way that the big matches are going today. The short game wins, just as Eddie Driggs makes it win for him, just as Abe Mitchell, one of the greatest of the drivers, makes it win for him, when he does win. What Walter Hagen knew was not news, simply a restatement of the basic fact. Which, of course, makes it all the more wonderful when one of the "swipers" wins a championship. Some of the "swipers" come from the football ranks, but their swiping has something of a method in its seeming madness. Driggs is a fair sample. He was one of the greatest backs that Princeton ever had, and he was playing at that time the type of opportunist football that Princeton played. It gave him a touchdown against Dartmouth, and a winning touchdown, as it turned out. He had not at that time taken up golf. Since he worked into the game of wood and iron he has had an outlet for the opportunism that was in his system, not to be satisfied with intercepted forward passes, or any other "break of the game" that he could not make himself. He played "heads up" football, and now he is playing "heads down" golf, with much the same results. He is not the only old football player who finds that fine outlet for emotions that were perhaps cramped on the gridiron. There is hardly one of the modern coaches who is not playing the game. Bill Roper, the Princeton coach, who is known as one of the great-

Maureen Orcutt

Eddie Driggs

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est of drill masters, is using the game as an outlet for personality, and the great chance of being called down by a caddie. Roper is a left-hander, and suffers from a tendency to keep too far away from the ball. He was closed in on the ball one day by a little Pinehurst caddie, and thereafter played as good a game as

Glenna Collett

"Shep" Homans, which is stepping right along. The point is that Bill proved right there on the golf course why he was a great coach. He was willing to take the one bit of vital instruction from a humble caddie, just as he was willing for years to take the one vital bit of advice from younger football men.

ALL the big men in the amateur golf game will admit that, while it is pleasant in the extreme to play the wooden clubs, a really "sweet" iron is the one thing worth while. There has yet to be developed a champion who has not had command of the irons. One's recollection travels back to the time when Bob Gardner, of Yale, won a National championship almost solely with the irons and the background of the pole vault, the one track and field venture that builds up the muscles for iron play. In the professional ranks it is not a far cry to Isaac Mackie, who could get two hundred yards out of the old "gutty" ball over Hell"s Kitchen on Staten Island. And it was not much of a swing that Mackie took, either. So, all other things being nearly equal, the song of victory in golf is the song of the irons.

WOMEN, too, are gaining the mastery of these iron clubs, but perhaps more slowly. Maureen Orcutt is one of the best of the iron-club players. She gets plenty of shoulder behind it, plenty of work with the right hand, plenty of smart play off the right foot. The best of the professionals, and I am not excepting Jim Barnes, will tell you to widen the stance and hit freely "through the ball," whereas they themselves will, once in action, close the stance and hit down on the ball once the irons are in use. So it is pretty good advice much of the time to do, not what the professional tells you, but what he does. Sometimes he cannot explain his best shots.

IN common with men, women have come to build up their own game without too slavish following of the "pro." While studying the short game, at which women golfers are notoriously weak—pretty much, I think, a matter of nerves—they have lengthened out their hitting. It was Glenna Collett who first discovered that the long hitter among women had a big advantage. She specialized, and is still specializing in the two long shots, the first from the tee, and the second with the brassie or the iron. She discovered one thing that many others had suspected—that in the case of the woman star "playing the odd" was an up-hill game. She promptly got herself out of that position. But there are other women coming along who will some day match her from the tee, and then it will be a battle of the irons.

RIGHT on top of this subject of irons it is worth while recording that in front of most club-houses there is a "clock" green, a plant designed to improve the putting of the player. Such a thing is needed, of course, but it might be worth while to include opportunities for club-house practice of the approach shots, the work with the irons, whether long distance or short. Such an opportunity is provided in "Idiot Hill," on the Pinehurst course, North Carolina, but I know of none other that is adequate.

Walter Hagen

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The Record

By O. F. KERLIN

I SHALL never forget the time when my great-uncle lost his faith in Viruna. Thirty years ago, in the Middle West, Viruna was the most popular of all patent medicines. The great trinity of the rural population was the Holy Bible, the Republican Party, and Viruna. The first two solved all spiritual and political ills, while the last was the remedy for every bodily ailment from tuberculosis to shingles.

Great-Uncle Henry was one of the original prohibitionists of his neighborhood. Early in his life he had signed the pledge, and it was kept religiously. He was a moving spirit in the fight for local option in our county. His hatred of the Demon in all its forms was a living, burning, personal passion. My life is enriched by the memory of many a stormy argument I heard waged at the general store and post office, and at the railroad station. On most of these occasions my uncle upheld the side of local option single-handed, against the whole tribe of village loafers gathered around the stove. After these verbal battles, when we had emerged from the store, laden with groceries, the old man was always so excited that his goatlike chin-whisker quivered and his voice rose to a bleat as we reviewed the discussion on the way home.

"I tell you, boy," he would say, "Belial has them in his clutches. And he had me too, once, when I was young and full o' the Old Harry. But when I signed the pledge I got so mortal 'shamed o' them old whisky bottles a-layin' in the woodshed and a-testifyin' to the life I'd led, thet one night I took them out to a sartain spot and buried them deep. So thar they are, and they ain't a livin' soul knows whar I put 'em. The signs o' my transgressions 're hid frum worldly eyes, and hid fer good."

But when we had entered the house and set the groceries on the kitchen table I knew that shortly all would be well. For Uncle Henry would reach up into the cupboard, take down the trusted bottle of Viruna, pour out two immense tablespoonfuls of the magic elixir for himself, and soon under its beneficent influence he would recover his normal voice and equanimity. Many a time he has said to me: "Well, boy, I've lived a long time and we've had right smart o' sickness in the family, but I ain't never seen a disease thet Viruna couldn't cure. I reckon I wouldn't be here now if 'twarn't fer Viruna. A little of it morning and night and at mealtimes keeps a feller toned up so's he kin fight any ailments thet come along."

THEN some one down in Washington discovered that this medicine was compounded mostly of alcohol, with a little flavoring and coloring matter added. When the news reached our neighborhood, the effect was catastrophic. Here was a bolt that shook society to its foundations. Practically all the pillars of the church and the leaders of the local temperance movement were disciples of Viruna. Worthy matrons who had not missed a prayer-meeting for years were dazed to learn that they had been consuming as much alcohol as any moderate drinker in the village, and many who had bought Viruna for years were heard vigorously denying that they had ever used it personally. Our storekeeper asserted that the local trade in Viruna had fallen off to almost nothing, but mentioned that a great number of strangers from the village of X——, some fifteen miles away, had been buying it in our town since the scandal. Only a few good-for-nothing scoffers ventured to draw any general inference from this, and their irreverent remarks were received with a dignified silence by all respectable people.

My uncle was overwhelmed. At first he refused to believe what he read in the newspaper. Finally, however, the town drunkard publicly demonstrated that a person could get riotously drunk on Viruna alone if one took a two days' dose all at once. This convinced him.

One dark, moonless night shortly after he stole quietly out of the house, got a spade in the woodshed, and set about digging a deep hole back of the barn. A few moments later, from my hiding-place in the milk-house, I saw his thin shadow pass into the woodshed and emerge, accompanied by the clink of empty bottles. In the morning the array of empty medicine bottles which had been accumulating in the woodshed for years was gone, and the hole back of the barn was filled with earth. Nothing was said about the matter.

As the days passed into weeks and months I became sensible of a profound change in Uncle Henry. The props of stability seemed to have been knocked out from under him. His faith in the beloved panacea was gone. There was no salvation in sight, so he snatched wildly at straws. He was gloomily convinced that his constitution would be unable to withstand the rigors of another winter unless he could discover a sure-fire remedy that would fit his case, some elixir that would "keep his system toned up."

Every Saturday afternoon he would come home from the grocery with some new patent remedy. After the cork had been extracted he would carefully pour out a tablespoonful or two, according to directions. Then slowly, conscientiously, he would sample the fluid, cocking his head sharply to one side and closing his eyes as he rinsed it around in his mouth before swallowing, so that he might give it the benefit of a seasoned appraisal. After his Adam's apple had made its last long jerk his head would straighten and he would open his eyes, prepared to render judgment. This first taste was usually followed by a mournful shake of the head and a vast sighing, "I'm afraid thet ain't any good nuther." But he always finished the bottle, if it took two weeks, in spite of his disbelief in its efficacy. Uncle was economical.

ON one momentous night, however, the first verdict on a new sample was favorable. "By cracky, this stuff tastes as if it might do somepin' fer a feller!" he remarked with enthusiasm. "You kin jest feel it burnin' its way down."

I verified his judgment while the old folks were at prayer-meeting the next Wednesday. The stuff was bitter as wormwood, hot as cayenne. My throat felt as though I had swallowed a red-hot poker.

But as time passed Uncle Henry became convinced that Vitum (the new medicine) was the long-sought remedy. It took its proper place in his esteem as the true successor to Viruna. He spread its virtues broadcast to his little world, and it became quite popular. The vil-

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On Riding in a Pullman

By SILAS BENT

NOWHERE is the male seen to worse advantage than in a Pullman washroom before breakfast. He scatters his things over a seven-foot seat in order to monopolize the mirror above it while he shaves. He snorts loudly into his cupped hands while washing. He forgets such inhibitions as may have made him, at other times and in other places, a person fit to associate with. Recalling certain passages from Dante's "Inferno," I surmise that Hades may witness practices more indecorous than those of the Pullman car; but, lacking experience of these defilements, I venture the assertion that the washroom of a sleeper is the most obscene spot to be found on this earth.

What is it that so transforms the male biped at an hour when he should face the world with cheerful confidence? After thirty years of riding in Pullman cars, I believe I can suggest an answer. He has spent the night trying to sleep in a coffin-like space containing some fifty cubic feet, ill lighted, practically unventilated, and surrounded by curtains and bedding extremely hospitable to germs. And in the back of the passenger's head lurks an unhappy realization that he is being buncoed. In a first-class hotel he could get a room and private bath, the two containing some two thousand cubic feet of sanitary air, for six dollars, let us say, on a twenty-four-hour basis. For the same period the discomforts and germs of his fifty cubic feet in a Pullman cost him (including a bonus of $3.63 stuck on for good measure to the railroad) $10.88.

It appears that the Pullman passenger, despite this country's reputation for hard-headed bargaining, does somewhat poorly in dealing with the sleeping-car monopoly. Of course it is not true that his resentment thereat is always in the back of his head. At times it becomes vocal, finds expression in terms too candid for the comfort of millionaire Pullman stockholders. As a consequence, two railroads have put into service, for short overnight trips only—say from Washington to New York—sleeping-cars made up of single rooms, each containing an actual bed thirty inches wide, six and one-half feet long. But if the passenger thinks the price of a Pullman berth exorbitant, what must he think of these tiny rooms, and of the price he must pay for privacy while dressing? He must pay one-fourth more for his railroad fare from Washington to New York; he must pay $7.50 for a bed, instead of $3.75 for a berth; and so his trip of 227 miles, instead of costing him $11.99, costs him $21.43.

HEAVEN forefend that I should say anything unkind about the Pullman Company; but in the years that I have been paying money into its treasury—not for transportation, but for service—it has been able to make no improvement in its cars, apparently, save the single-room arrangement for plutocrats I have just described. If there were any inventions to make traveling at night more bearable, something happened to them. It is possible that impoverished Pullman directors have been compelled to buy them up and scrap them. They have had an uphill fight, these directors, as is revealed by a cursory glance at their fiscal affairs. During the week before I sat down to write this their stock advanced only a fraction more than eighteen points. Thirty-six millions was put into the company as an original investment, and now the stock, at the going market rate, is worth only a quarter of a billion. Since 1897, even with the most picayunish watching of the corners, the company has disbursed but $245,000,000 in cash to its partners, and only $260,000,000 in stock. In 1925 its stock paid $12.85 a share, net. In 1926 its net profits were a paltry twenty millions. Last year, after meeting dividends and all other charges, its surplus on operations was but eight millions.

Fortunately, Pullman passengers are enabled to subsidize this hard-pressed monopoly. They do it by tipping the Pullman porters to the tune of seven million dollars a year. The company pays the porter $72.50 a month for an average of eleven hours' work daily, and his average of tips, according to a survey by the Labor Bureau of New York, is $58 a month. There is thus a gross of $130.50 in wages and tips; but the Labor Bureau finds that $33 a month must be paid for vocational expenses; $52 a year for shoe-blacking alone; the cost of two uniforms a year, the price of lodging and meals. The porter thus has for his own uses $1,160 a year. The United States Bureau of Statistics estimates that the average family requires $2,100 a year to live properly.

IN 1925 Philip Randolph organized the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, and set about trying to get better wages, in order to abolish the humiliation of the tip. The Pullman Company agreed to treat with the Brotherhood, provided Randolph would resign. The Brotherhood, knowing that without his eloquence and energy the organization might go to pieces, refused to let him resign. Thereupon the Pullman Company put twelve Chinese to work as porters on club cars of the Northwestern Union Pacific railroads. A Brotherhood organizer was arrested without a warrant in Jacksonville, and employed a lawyer; but he could not be represented in court because the lawyer, like himself, was a Negro. After two weeks he was released and run out of town. The Pullman Company has its very own "company" union, and disapproves of Brotherhood organizers. If the porters don't get enough for a fair living, the American public, stingy with its tips, must be to blame. Despite a Constitutional guaranty, the Negro does not seem to have lived down a previous condition of servitude.

Frank O. Lowden, who married the daughter of the late George Pullman, asked for the Republican nomination for the Presidency (according to the party organ, the "Herald Tribune") on this inspiriting platform:

"A living wage for the submerged thirty per cent of our population."

There are only 12,000 Pullman porters. The slogan cannot refer to them. No, the context makes it clear that the reference is to farmers, who have a vote even south of the Mason and Dixon Line. The porter's need of a living wage appears to have been forgotten. I wish to nominate the former Governor of Ohio for the Presidency, therefore, on an amended platform:

"Honest wages for porters; decent Pullman cars."

I am confident that with this slogan he could have been nominated and elected.

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Miniatures from the Life

Murder

By IBBY HALL

IN Russia there is a peasant wife who has always worked hard. The farm where she has lived with her husband and seven children is small, perhaps, but for that reason one must waste nothing of it. The house, too, is not large, since it consists of two rooms only—one for living and one for sleeping—besides the cellar, which is but a hole in the ground hollowed out for the storing of potatoes. But two rooms must be kept diligently when there are nine living in them.

Until a little while ago, the husband of this woman was known for his gay and pleasure-loving temperament, with which he held her in continual fear and torment. For it was easy for him to remember vodka and those women whose dispositions matched his own. Easy for him to forget an old and ugly wife and hungry children. Easy for him to remember curses and blows.

Still, when he was not about—which was most often—there was all the work to be done. And when he was at home he was worse than no one. For then he was more helpless than the youngest one, more useless than the animals. A great lump of a man, drunk, heavy and snoring. Meanwhile, she and the two oldest girls must get on with only the horse to help them.

They were good girls—but what would she have done without that horse? He was all that the man was not. The strong legs, the heavy shoulders and back—here was her comfort. No burden was too great for that animal. They would have starved without him.

There had been times, before they had had this good beast, when the man had been too much for this peasant wife. The times she had left him were not to be counted on her rough, short fingers. Nor the times she had returned. Why, she could not say. To hold and nurse and humor him again. To bear more children. To plow and dig and hoard. To be beaten. The truth was, she belonged to this man, to the two rooms, and the farm, and the children. To the horse, even. She was rooted deep. The two oldest girls, fifteen and sixteen, were at last a help. The five small ones would be growing big. Soon she would be old.

But this was a hard summer. There was nothing this year in the house—only a few potatoes from last winter. Not a ruble—and the bitter cold ahead. They had not seen money in so long a while they would not know what to do with it if it should fall on them. There were too many needs that cried for it.

There was only one hope for all of them that July. The hay. Soon it would be ready to cut. Ripe and warm and sweet smelling, it would bring a good price. Fearfully and in snatches she prayed to a majestic God to allow them this crop; to see to it that the man was on hand to cut it at the right time. For a long time now he had not left the farm. No rubles—no vodka. But with every day as the hay slowly ripened his temper had been growing worse. With every day the blows and curses had become heavier; but she had welcomed them, for at least he was present to attend the crop.

That day came finally when the hay was ready to be cut. Under the man's scythe the spears fell ripe and sweet, to lie in the warm sun before they should be raked and pitched upon the wagon. By nightfall they would have in two loads at least—half the crop. The rest could be gathered into haycocks, for the night would be fine. The next morning would see the whole crop safe and sheltered.

But as the sun died it was plain that the man had taken a strange turn. He had become silent, but with an unpleasant smile. For he would look at the woman threateningly and turn away to laugh. She grew uneasy. Was his head, too, becoming touched with thirst?

Her last look at the sky, she went to bed that night thinking only of the two loads in the field. The man lay silently. He did not move. He did not snore. Was he already asleep?

But in the morning he was not around. Out of the tiny hut—nowhere on the patch of a farm. There was nothing he could have taken with him! Nothing. . . . She ran clumsily on heavy feet to the shed that served as barn. The first load of hay was stored safely. The second waited on the idle wagon. But the horse was gone.

That morning the peasant wife and the two big girls stored the waiting load in the shed. Laboriously they dragged the heavy wagon, empty again, to the field. When the horse should return, they would be ready. The man would be no good; but with the horse, their crop could still be saved.

By noon the clouds began to gather. The woman called out the younger children to the field. All afternoon they worked like animals. At least by evening he must return! From near by—from farther and farther down the field—from the far stretch—they dragged the hay and piled it on the wagon.

The clouds drew together slowly with approaching night. The load stood high and ready, but there was neither sight nor sound of the returning horse.

All night the woman lay and listened. No sound. By morning the rain had not yet fallen. He must be back by noon!

Out in the field the wagon waited with its load. They gathered what was left into one great haycock—watching the road, watching the sky. They could do no more. If the rain fell—if the horse did not return—how could they meet the winter?

By afternoon the horse had not returned. By night there was still no sign. Yet there was hope, for the rain had not yet fallen. And then, at midnight, she heard them, and her heart lurched heavily. A stumbling horse—a helpless man. She got up quietly and dragged the man inside. Patiently she hauled and shoved until she got him into bed. Then she went out to stable the horse.

It was now that she understood what had happened. Her thick wits and failing heart stood still together as she stared at the horse. For here was a creature weaker than herself. Old, raw-boned and spavined, the forlorn animal drooped in front of her. The fine young horse—their strength, their hope, their living—was gone. Traded for vodka. And for this bag of bones.

The woman led the poor beast to shelter. She returned to cover the sodden man. Then she waited for dawn.

When the day broke, she roused her two daughters and under the heavy gray

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The Theatre Makes Fun of Itself

ANY summer review, we suppose, which pretends to be a topical review of the season, like "The Grand Street Follies of 1928," must of necessity deal mostly with local affairs. This is in the nature of topical reviews, whether in London, Berlin, or in New York. It is only occasionally that there appear skits above and beyond the town gossip and mimicry, which provide any satire on what might be called our National follies.

It is so with this summer's edition of "The Grand Street Follies." Amid the imitations and dances, the travesties and the burlesques, one playlet, called "Marked Millions," deals with the Sinclair-Fall scandal and presents Will Hays as a Gilbert and Sullivan character; but this is the only one.

Otherwise, it is amazing to see how taken up with their own profession are the people of the theatre. With two or three exceptions, all of the skits in this exceedingly cheerful and energetic Broadway show deal with the plays of the season; with imitations of other actors and actresses. Much of it, we imagine, would be well-nigh unintelligible to the outlander who dropped into the Booth Theatre on his single visit for the season to New York.

And yet this is not to say that the "Follies" this year is not excellently entertaining. For it is. It has a youth and originality and "go" to it which to us brought back memories of the "Garrick Gaieties" of several seasons ago. Just the mimicry is almost marvelous at times, particularly the efforts of Albert Carroll, who gives imitations in turn of Mary Nash in "The Command to Love," of Ho-Fang in "The Silent House," of Mayor Walker, of Mrs. Fiske and Ethel Barrymore both at the same time. (Yes, we mean this. He makes up one side of his face one way, and the other side another.) He even does Laurette Taylor in a take-off on Zoe Akins's play "The Furies," and finally winds up as the famous Moissi doing Romeo in a most strange version of Shakespeare's play as the Grand Street producers would like to remember Max Reinhardt's setting of it last winter.

The whole thing is crazy, of course. The New York street cleaning scandal is mixed up with the great stairway scene from Reinhardt's Shakespearean production, and Mae West is cast as Juliet, only much tougher than she ever dared to be in either "Sex" or "Diamond Lil." In addition, the "Porgy" players present an insane moment called "Camille Causes a Doctor's Dilemma," wherein the plot of the Shaw play is presented with Negro players and ends with Camille dying in the famous swan bed from "Diamond Lil," while the Negro players cast on the scenery the same great shadows which were so effective in Rouben Mamoulian's production of "Porgy" itself, at the Theater Guild.

What's more, Constance Collier apparently comes out and sighs again for "Her Bertie," and Trader Horn stalks through the entire show—rather stupidly, to our notion.

Everybody from Dolores Costello to Lionel Atwill is represented; and, oh, yes, an awful Billie Burke is also concerned in the goings-on. Warner Brothers' Vitaphone comes in for its share of the knocks in a gentle travesty called "Don Juan's Busy Day," in which the vitaphone—or fightamoan, as it is called—insists on repeating itself throughout several scenes which are badly strained by its misrepresentation of what goes on.

To pick out from such a great mélange any two or three things in particular is difficult. Yet it must be confessed that Dorothy Sands's two imitations—one of Ina Claire doing her telephone invitation in "Our Betters" and the other of Haidee Wright as Lady Macbeth—stand out above everything in our memory, except Albert Carroll's burlesque of Laurette Taylor.

Most striking was the skit on "Strange Interlude," which turned out, naturally, to be Lynn Fontanne with her "three men" gathered around the family lamp; only in this case it was Miss Columbia, Calvin Coolidge, Al Smith, and Herbert Hoover. If one closed one's eyes, the illusion was perfect. From the stage came the unmistakable, affected tone of Lynn Fontanne (Vera Allen) holding conversation with Tom T. Powers and the others of the Eugene O'Neill show. Yet something seemed to be wrong. Because if one listened to the words, it was apparent at once that the drama they were engaged in was not "Strange Interlude" at all, but a new one—a strange conflict over Miss Columbia's new baby "Election," in which each of the three gentlemen present had an odd interest.

Indeed, for an absolutely nonsensical mixture of truth in politics and a genuine take-off on a play, the whole thing, done with the utmost suavity and excellent mimicry, this particular thing struck us as very hard to beat. It is a shame that such talent should confine itself exclusively to the limited things within the circle of its own profession. Personally, we should have enjoyed more skits on the follies of humanity in this year 1928, and not quite so much rehashing of our Broadway "spotlight" personalities. But it's fairly good and the music is delightful. There isn't a moment of dullness in it, and it lacks conspicuously the routine that attaches to many a professional show.

Francis R. Bellamy.

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A Musical Pioneer

By EUGENE BONNER

IN this year of grace nineteen hundred and twenty-eight, with orchestras to right and left of us volleying and thundering, it seems difficult to imagine the time when such-like musical manifestations were far less frequent, when they were, in fact, to all intents and purposes non-existent.

From whatever angle approached, the New York of the second quarter of the nineteenth century, its manners and customs, is bound to afford an almost unholy amusement to us of these days. Was it actually in point of culture so far behind other American cities of the period, such as Boston, Baltimore, Charleston, and New Orleans, or was it that, with the naïveté which so long distinguished the dwellers on Manhattan, their juvenile desire to "show off" revealed circumstances which many of the other cities were clever or well-bred enough to keep to themselves?

None the less, whatever may have been the situation in regard to the cultural standards of the times in New York or elsewhere, there's no doubt that all of us these days, be we natives of Manhattan or *émigrés* from Walla Walla, Oshkosh, or Hohokus, find the records of that early period, whether in the form of books, plays, or prints, not only amusing but intensely interesting.

It is from this angle as much as from the musical side that Mr. Charles Edward Russell's book "The American Orchestra and Theodore Thomas," which has just been awarded the Pulitzer Prize for the best biography of the year, is bound to interest, not only musicians, but a large portion of the reading public not ordinarily interested in matters musical.

For musicians and music lovers the book is unusually absorbing, dealing as it does with a period of musical history in this country that is about as familiar to many of us as the private life of a button molder in the dark ages. We all squeak and gibber merrily enough about musical personages and events of the forties, fifties, and sixties, but how many of us have ever collected our mental flotsam and jetsam anent them and their period and put things together, so to speak?

It is not that there hasn't been a great deal of ink spilled and many valuable records of those days compiled, but in this case Mr. Russell has taken one figure, a very important, perhaps the most important one in the history of the musical development of this country, and, by reason of that man's extraordinary habit of somehow or other being involved in most of the important musical events of his day, has managed to give us a pretty comprehensive history of music in New York and some other American cities from the forties and fifties of the last century up to the early years of this present one.

It was in 1845 that Johann August Thomas, former Stadtpfeifer of Esens, leader of the Schützen Corps band of that town, and a capable performer on the cornet, arrived in the city of New York with his entire family. Used as he was to the musical amenities of a small German city, he must have been somewhat depressed, to put it mildly, over the state of things that existed in this city concerning music in that year of our Lord.

"All the crudity of a mining camp was here," writes Mr. Russell, "but none of a mining camp's romance and saving grace in the spirit adventurous. Rational amusements and entertainments Dickens found to be in a sad state of neglect. Three principal theatres, so far as he could see, composed the city's effort in dramatic and musical art. Two of these, the Park and the Bowery, were "large and handsome," but generally deserted. There was a small theatre, called Niblo's, "with gardens and open-air amusements attached; but it was not exempt from the general depression under which Theatrical Property, or what is humorously called by that name unfortunately labors."

The oldest child, Christian Friedrich Theodore Thomas, was at this time ten years of age, and had already manifested musical talent practically amounting to genius. It was this talent of his that probably kept the family from starving, as by playing the violin at concerts, weddings, dances, and the like the boy managed to keep the wolf from the door. Once, under extraordinary stress of circumstances, he was forced to go into a barroom, play, and pass around the hat.

A few years later we find father and son in a Navy band at Portsmouth, Virginia, and playing side by side on the old man-of-war Pennsylvania, the two of them having enlisted in the United States Navy as musicians.

Matters bettering, these two secured their discharges from the Navy, and the young Theodore set out on tour as a violin virtuoso, making his own posters, acting as his own manager, ticket collector, and press representative. He often traveled alone on horseback from town to town, getting a first-hand knowledge of America and Americans, unapproached by any other orchestral conductor in this country before or since—most particularly since.

Back in New York in 1850, he found conditions somewhat improved and succeeded in getting an engagement playing violin in the orchestra of the German theatre, which had just opened. A year later we find him among the first violins of the Italian Opera Company, opera by this time having begun to get a certain hold on metropolitan inhabitants. Three years later he is elected to membership in the Philharmonic Society of New York, then a co-operative organization that gave about five concerts a year, and for many years after we find him playing in these concerts.

Such were the beginnings in this country of the man who was to accomplish so much for the musical education of the Nation at large. We follow Mr. Russell's narrative with much interest and at times not a little amusement, though the tribulations that Theodore Thomas went through were far from amusing for him at the time.

The Thomas-Damrosch feud is touched on, while the really amazing and utterly preposterous business of the Chicago World's Fair row is expertly handled, just enough detail to interest and not enough to become tedious. His unselfish work in behalf of the Chicago orchestra gets its full meed of praise, and throughout we are given a splendid insight into the character of the man himself: sincere, masterful, lovable, and apparently utterly tactless in regard to public opinion and the press—that press which could, and probably would, have helped him so much had he been willing to meet it half-way—but withal a great man and a great conductor.

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The Movies

By A. M. SHERWOOD, Jr.

"Dawn"

FIRST of all, let it be said that "Dawn" is a superb picture. The question of international ill will which its release has raised is something we may set aside, as of secondary importance, for the moment.

Depicting, as it does, an episode brimming with emotion from start to finish, the film might easily have turned out to be a mere hodgepodge of bathos and sickly sentiment. Dealing, as it most assuredly does, with one of the world's ugliest tragedies, it could well have lapsed into a morbid, tiresome dirge; an *Aase's Tod*—a Hymn of Hate.

But to say of this brave, solemn, beautiful picture that it does any of these things would be to do its makers a shameful wrong. For Reginald Berkeley, the scenarist, Herbert Wilcox, the director, and Sybil Thorndike, the star, have combined to make "Dawn" one of the most dignified, straightforward, and grandly simple documents ever put on the screen. Technically it is open to objection, but, even so, it's the most nearly perfect film production to come out of England. Miss Thorndike's inspired performance as Nurse Cavell is a thing which should be seen—which mustn't, in fact, be missed. If this gallant lady, with her serene bearing and sensitive face, fails to elevate your spirit, you're an eight-minute egg, indeed.

"Dawn," in our belief, would never have stirred up all the commotion it has done if it hadn't been such a fine piece of work. The Germans made a bad mistake in executing Miss Cavell, and the picture's effectively simple method of recording their blunder is far more damning than bombast would have been. But the Germans' mistake was only one of policy; it was a moral offense in no sense whatever. Edith Cavell had harbored and aided in the escape of prisoners from the enemy camps—and war is war.

Thus "Dawn" becomes, not an anti-German film, but an anti-war film; one of the most effective pieces of anti-war propaganda we've ever seen. If the bad judgment of a couple of German generals is given a well-deserved wallop, what of it? The Brotherhood of Man (under which promising arrangement German generals won't be able to make mistakes) will not be postponed by so much as ten

minutes because "Dawn" was shown. In the meanwhile we wish every American, German, and Russian producer of "heart-interest" motion pictures would go to see "Dawn" and learn a little something about that priceless ingredient—restraint.

"Fools for Luck"

THE story of the slick oil promoter who comes to a small town to fleece its inhabitants, who sells them worthless stock only to have his highly unproductive well suddenly turn into a gusher—this is a situation so hopelessly hoary that one wouldn't think it were possible to extract any new treasures from its forest of whiskers.

Well, one would be right. In spite of the comical by-play of W. C. Fields and Chester Conklin, the above (alleged) plot fails to justify "Fools for Luck" as an enterprise for which admission is charged. There are some pleasantly silly sequences in it, and it's a really difficult job to keep Will Fields from being funny. If they had turned "Fools for Luck" into a vehicle for its two stars and gagged it up to a point where either or both of them had more to do, it might have been a funny picture. As it is, a couple of other fellows could have replaced the Messrs. Will and Chester with equal success in all respects save box-office pull.

The Paramount Theatre audience were fit to be tied, what with laughing at the picture. Every time Chester Conklin turned his head, in that myopic way he has, guffaws raced all over the crossroads of the world. So, perhaps, if you go in the right mood, you might laugh, too. But don't ask us to refund your money if you find "Fools for Luck" very tame entertainment.

"Shooting Stars"

WE go to all the English pictures because we're genuinely interested in watching their development. Sometimes we're happy at having done so, sometimes we're blue. In the case of "Dawn" we're sincerely glad we saw it, and in the case of "Shooting Stars" we're not exactly angry—just terribly, terribly hurt.

The scenario of "Shooting Stars" is from the frontal cavity of Anthony Asquith, son of the gifted Margot. It has all the facility, all the freshness and delightfully contrived surprise, of a Biograph two-reeler of the year 1908. The acting, direction, and photography match the story perfectly, with the possible exception that Brian Aherne might be said to behave in a less frightened and resentful manner than do the others of the cast. For the most part the actors are so wretched at the terrible things they're made to do that to see them is like watching performing animals whose eyes plead mutely with the trainer to let them stop this painful foolishness.

We thought we'd never seen a worse picture than "The Triumph of The Rat." But that was before we saw "Shooting Stars."

The Chattering Tintypes

THIS week will see the opening of "The Lion and the Mouse," Warner Brothers third, and most talkative, talking picture. We shall attend it with an unprejudiced eye and a well-cocked ear, and report on it next week. Regardless of the rather chilling results of their first two ventures, "Tenderloin" and "Glorious Betsy," the Warners are to be felicitated on their courage and initiative in making and paying for this interesting experiment.

The situation is precisely that which confronted the pioneer picture-makers: first, it was said that the movies could never compete with the stage; before very long the hue and cry was reopened, because the movies were forcing the spoken drama to the wall. The net result, at present writing, is that both branches of the amusement game are enjoying unexampled prosperity. So, what price prophecies on the talkies?

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Miniatures from the Life

(Continued from page 344)

sky they led the broken-down horse to the hay field. They hitched him to the waiting load and urged him towards the shed. He strained and pulled, and could not budge the load. They coaxed, they beat him, they cursed, pushing and straining with all their strength to help him start the wagon moving. But they were no more than four helpless animals —three women and a horse. The load could not be started.

The peasant woman stood with her hands on her hips and stared at the hay. Then she moved slowly towards the hut. The small children were awake in the room used for sleeping. They were listening to the great snores of the evil-smelling lump that was their father. Without speaking, their mother moved them into the other room. There she picked up the family meat ax and, stepping back into the sleeping quarters where the man lay, she closed the door between the two rooms.

Later she called for her two oldest daughters. Behind them also she closed the door.

"See," she said, "I have killed your father."

It was true. He lay quietly, with no more harm in him.

"If you speak a word of this," said their mother, "I shall kill myself. Then all the work will be yours."

Among them they emptied of potatoes that hole in the earth which served for a cellar. For the last time they dragged and lifted and dropped his sagging body. They covered it with earth and smoothed over until it was flat their closed cellar. Here was an end to blows and betrayals.

After that day the daughters worked more happily and slept more deeply. The small children laughed more loudly, and were no longer frightened of the dark. But night after night the wife lay staring into the blackness in terror.

In the village, a few asked carelessly for the husband. He had left her, she said. Too bad—she who worked so hard —so many children! But though they pitied her they agreed among themselves that it was natural. When a woman grows old and ugly and a man loves pleasure too well, what can one expect?

No one questioned her. No one thought to be suspicious. She was alone with fear. For the man had been too long a part of her. There he lay, so close that she could watch the coverlet of earth that fastened him down. He must soon sit up and shake it off! How could his soul that had so great a need of prayer and sacrament rest long in that unholy ground? She asked her daughters, fearfully and in secret. They laughed loudly at her. No one believed such things any more! She was a foolish old woman. The man was well buried. Let him lie where he was.

But as she had feared and returned to him living, she feared and returned to him now. He had always been restless and unexpected. She had had to watch for blows. Was that how he had held her? So she watched now.

She worked harder than ever. There was no one now to steal her savings. She hoarded them in peace. At last she carried them to the priest. Prayers! Prayers for a soul in torment—prayers to buy paradise for a departed spirit. She would pay well for them!

No question was simple enough to save her. The story was soon out, and Soviet Russia listened carefully, though with impatience. Four years in prison, they decided, was long enough to punish one for holding such foolish superstitions.

The Record

(Continued from page 342)

lage scoffer, a blacksmith, pretended to believe that Vitum contained as much alcohol as Viruna, but he was unable to persuade the local drunkard, after one taste, to drink a bottle of it. His palate was unequal to the occasion.

So Great-Uncle Henry lived to a ripe old age, ministered to until the end by the faithful Vitum. I am glad he did not live until the time of the Pure Food and Drugs Act. After the passage of this infamous bill every bottle of Vitum was labeled plainly "86% Alcohol."

After the funeral I went out to a certain spot behind the barn, took a spade, and began to dig. In uncovering the stratum of Viruna bottles I disturbed them somewhat. Assuming that below them lay the evidence of his lurid youth, I decided to investigate. To my astonishment, I observed a thick deposit of a strange new species beneath the layer of Viruna, but above the whisky zone. After diligent research this stratum was identified. It was composed of bottles which formerly contained "Wilson's Pain Killer." Here lay the record of an epoch in uncle's evolution which he had never revealed to me.

Finally I went to the woodshed and, gathering up the relicts of Vitum, deposited them on top of the earlier remains, covering the whole with earth. The geological record was then complete.

From Coolidge to Hoover

(Continued from page 339)

presided over discussions of the agricultural plank and made the final and effective speech against the McNary-Haugen idea. And it was he who prepared and put through the campaign contribution plank.

It is, I maintain, a mark of progress when a Convention begins with Smoot and ends with Borah.

There were two major omissions—at least. One, the omission of any adequate dealing with giant power or with the so-called "power trust." What the platform says about water power and the control of utilities is vague and general. The other is the omission of any adequate repudiation of those specific acts in connection with the oil leases that were an offense, not only against the country, but against all honest men in the Republican Party itself. I do not understand why the plank on that subject presented by La Follette was not presented separately. The plank adopted links both parties together in a transaction which was a shame to the Republican Party, peculiarly to a Republican Cabinet officer and a Republican National Chairman. To have said nothing would at the worst have been evasion, and even that would have been relieved by the specific pledge concerning campaign contributions in the future. But to say this is to try to shift part of the burden to where it does not belong.

If the Republican Party is to assume a moral leadership, it must now look to its candidate, Herbert Hoover. In this it may find lieutenants in Borah, Franklin Fort, and others who were responsible for changing a G. O. P. Convention into something at least better. Those who know Herbert Hoover best are surest that he has capacity for such moral leadership and will show it. He has been a great economic organizer, he has been a humanitarian on a world scale, he is—it is as certain as anything can be—himself the antithesis of all that has put the Republican Party on the defensive in honest men's minds.

What will he, and those who vouch for him, do with his opportunity? That the Convention could not answer. It has furnished him a platform on which he now stands. But he will have to make his own platform, and that will be the one by which he will be really judged. From what happened at Kansas the greatest mistake his opponents can make is to underestimate him, and the greatest folly they can commit is to attempt to contest with him on any basis but that farthest from prejudice and partisanship.

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Ivory Apes and Peacocks

By W. R. BROOKS

THERE is a new material on the market which replaces plaster in building. It is called Solidon, and has apparently several advantages over plaster. One is that it effects a great saving of time, since it dries and can be painted over in forty-eight hours. It is applied in only one coat, 1/8 to 1/16 inch thick, in the same way that plaster is, and can be put on over insulation, plaster, wall boards, tile, brick, or cement. It is worth looking into if you are doing any building or remodeling, particularly if time is an important factor.

DENNISON has a material for lamp-shades called Rhodoid, which is rather like parchment to work with, is translucent and non-inflammable. You can get it in several colors, and in crackled, marbleized, and frosted effects. Stencil sheets and an etching fluid are also supplied. You put on the design, cut out the shade—but we haven't read the directions, so we had better not try to tell you how to complete the job. Our way would probably be a perfectly good one, but we'd only confuse you. Anyway, these are hand-laced shades, easy to make, and if you are one of those clever people who can toss off a little thing like a lamp-shade in much less time than it would take you to go down to the store and buy one, you will perhaps like to know about it.

WE offer no apologies for occasionally suggesting to you interesting or amusing hobbies which have come under our eye. We believe that they are as worth while and as interesting as anything we can describe in this department. If there is a reason for mentioning a new refrigerator, there are ten times as many reasons for mentioning a new hobby, since for every person in the country who owns a refrigerator, there are ten who have hobbies. And a hobby is more interesting than a refrigerator any day. Ask the man who owns one. It gives you expression for a side of yourself that never gets expressed in your work—and that doesn't necessarily mean that your work is uninteresting. It may be a hobby too.

We have never understood why a man should be ashamed of his hobby, although we have known several who were. We personally think that if a business or professional man does water-colors or builds radios or collects warming-pans or carves peach-stones in his leisure hours, he is probably a lot more efficient during office hours. Even overeating, when it becomes a real hobby, seems less blameworthy to us.

However, the new hobby which we discovered is painting pictures with luminous paint. For the scientist with artistic aspirations it holds out a good deal of interest. Calcium sulphide and the various zinc sulphides, mixed in a solution of gum arabic and water, and blended with each other or with permalba or zinc white, will give quite a wide range of color. Under ordinary light they appear white or yellow, but in the dark they are entirely changed, so that considerable experimentation is necessary. Some very interesting and beautiful effects can be obtained, and there is a great deal of scope for the imagination. There are also a number of other materials that will give different colors, and there is no end to the amount of experimentation that can be done.

THE new Vanity Kodak should be very acceptable to women travelers —particularly those who object to carrying a kodak about with them visibly on their travels. It is a vest-pocket kodak which fits into a good-looking leather vanity case. Much less obtrusive, and comes in several different colors.

IF you want to provide lots of hot-weather amusement in your back yard for your small children, there is a collapsible tank made of iron rods and waterproof canvas, seven feet by five. There are also a ladder and a chute. Turn the children and the hose into it and you have a very practical substitute for the old swimming-hole.

THEY shot food from guns a few years back, and now they're doing the same thing with wood. The wood is torn apart in this way, then felted and pressed together in hydraulic presses. The result is a grainless, all-wood board that won't crack, split, or splinter, and it is being used for everything from bread-boxes to dance-hall floors. It is called Presdwood. We believe they have even made boats of it. We don't know that you can use this information practically unless you are a manufacturer of wooden goods, but it seemed rather interesting to us.

COMBINATIONS of crushed marble and cement and crushed granite and cement are used in making bird baths, fountains, garden benches, sun-dials, window-boxes, and other garden furniture. They are as weatherproof as the stone and are a lot less expensive.

Also for the country house is a foot-wiper—a huge bristly brush that looks like a hedgehog, with a handle to hang on to when you're getting the mud off.

And for your lawn, the Lawn Edger-Mower, which cuts the grass at the edge of the lawn. Attached to this is a disk blade which can be dropped down to cut the turf off in a clean edge.

And for the car, if you smoke while you drive, there's an attachable knob to fasten to the end of the gear-shift rod which is hollowed out to serve as an ash-tray. This will be appreciated by your rear-seat passenger, who gets an eyeful of ashes whenever you miss the window.

And speaking about windows, here's a help for cold-weather driving in traffic. A port-hole that can be set into the window at the left of the driver's seat, hinged at the top, so that the hand can be pushed out for signaling. This isn't a very seasonable suggestion, but we're afraid we may forget it before next winter, whereas, if you're interested, you'll remember.

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A Wall Street View of Hoover

By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

"WHY was Wall Street so opposed to the nomination of Herbert Hoover?"

The question was addressed to a New York banker. His fame is not international, not even country-wide, but his business associates and acquaintances comprise the most powerful financial forces in Manhattan.

"Your question does not make any sense," he replied, the irritation in his voice very evident. "You assume that every one in Wall Street has the same political opinions, which is ridiculous. I don't like Hoover, as you know, but the president of the bank across the street believes that he will be the greatest President since Roosevelt. The vice-president who sits just in front of me would give up his job tomorrow to see Al Smith elected. Jim Blank, senior partner of the firm of Blank, Dash & Co., is a Kansan by birth, and he swears that Senator Curtis is another Lincoln. How can you say Wall Street thinks this or that? Wall Street holds about all the opinions that there are to be held.

"Having said that, I am willing to admit that a group of New York bankers have no use for Hoover and that they were anything but cheered by his nomination at Kansas City. The opinions of this group I know and share. I will tell you, briefly, what they are.

"Let me say at the beginning that I have the highest admiration for Mr. Hoover's ability as an engineer and as an administrator. His is certainly one of the best-trained minds in public life. And I do not question either his courage or his integrity. But I still believe that he is not qualified for the Presidency.

"I could name many of his faults, but they are all symptoms of the one decidedly unfortunate delusion that he is omniscient. I am not a particularly modest man. Neither are most of the other anti-Hooverites who sit in high places south of Fulton Street. Without a good deal of self-confidence we probably would not be where we are. But our self-confidence is not based usually on either the depth or the breadth of our knowledge. It rests on our expertness in our own field. This bank, for instance, has many textile manufacturers as clients and our service has been quite satisfactory, but nobody in the bank would presume to tell our customers how to make rayon. We are satisfied if we can evaluate correctly the abilities of a company's executives and advise them wisely on the purely financial aspects of their business.

"Mr. Hoover is confident that he knows more about finance than financiers, more about industry than industrialists, and more about agriculture than agriculturists. He is so sure of his judgment in these fields that he wants to impress it on others. He is very seldom willing to take advice. Since he knows more than any advisers could, why should he?

"I know, of course, what Mr. Hoover's friends would interpolate here if they were listening. They would insist that we want to give Mr. Hoover, not advice, but orders, and that he won't take them. I know that we don't want to dictate to Government officials, and I also know that Mr. Hoover would have avoided some of his mistakes in the Department of Commerce if he had not brushed our advice aside.

"We object, moreover, not only to his ignoring our advice. We object to his offering us his advice on matters that are none of his business. The Department of Commerce, for instance, has urged bankers who borrow for foreign clients to see that as large a percentage as possible of the proceeds of these loans be expended in such a way as to benefit American industries.

"It is not our function as bankers to tell our customers with whom they should do business. As long as they conduct their affairs on sound principles, we are not going to tell them where to place their orders.

"His cast of mind will handicap him in many fields in which we have no concern except as citizens of the United States. Because of his confidence in his own wisdom he is suspicious of those who disagree with him. He distrusts their motives and either will not negotiate with them at all or does so in a most ungracious way. Since the President is the leader of his party, and much of his work will consist in bringing reluctant Senators and Representatives into line, Mr. Hoover is anything but ideally suited for the office.

"We certainly do not criticise him for not being American enough. On the contrary, we believe that he extends to foreign nations in general the suspicions that he directs towards those at home who differ with him. The most glaring example of his unfortunate attitude in foreign relations was the agitation he stirred up at the time when rubber prices had been sky-rocketed by the Stevenson Plan, which restricted the production of crude rubber in British possessions. His references to 'trade wars' and 'gouges' were most provocative, and they certainly made relations between this country and Great Britain more difficult.

"His agitation was as unnecessary as it was offensive. Despite the fact that the Stevenson Plan was retained, the large increase in the output of rubber from the Dutch East Indies brought the price of the commodity down eighty per cent. Economists and experienced bankers knew that the restriction measure would fail. It was because of the law of supply and demand, and not because of Mr. Hoover, that the British Government decided to abandon the Stevenson Plan this autumn.

"Now do you see why we would have preferred another nominee at Kansas City? I make no attempt to predict what Mr. Hoover's mistakes will be, but I dislike the prospect of a President who is arrogant, suspicious, and opinionated.

"I don't expect to change any of these opinions before election day, but I may vote for Hoover. After all, I believe that the Republican Party is preferable to the Democratic, and I am not sure that Hoover would be worse than some of the afflictions we might suffer under a Democratic Administration. We'll see what happens in the campaign.

"Now don't forget that I am not Wall Street's mouthpiece. There is, and can be, none. But I hope you know why some of us who earn our living in Wall Street have sent neither the candidate nor the Republican Convention telegrams of congratulation."

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The Walk-Up-the-Creeks

A Tale for Children

By HARRIET EAGER DAVIS[1]

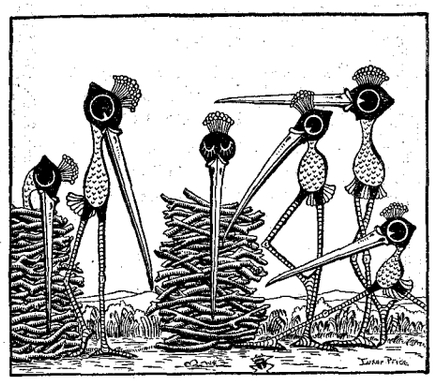
Illustrated by Luxor Price

IN summers the children caught pollywogs and minnows in the cove that branched into their farm from the Seneca River, and long winter evenings, with supper cleared away, they loved to sit around the dining-room table while nonsense-loving Father drew pictures and told tales of fabulous water creatures. Every night there was a fresh adventure. The original "Walk-up-the-Creek" was doubtless a crane, and the "Scrabble-Jack" a mud-turtle, while the "Py-zoo-zoo" was born merely to furnish the "Walk-up-the-Creek" with an hereditary enemy. Miss Elliott still finds these pictures her stock in trade for entertaining small children, and the last time her family came together much time was spent in argument as to whether the "Py-zoo-zoo's" triangular face pointed up or down!

The Walk-Up-the-Creeks

As remembered by Miss Bess A. Elliott, an Outlook reader

THE Walk-up-the-Creeks lived in a cove. Birds live in a tree, fishes live in the water, children live in a house, and Walk-up-the-Creeks live in a cove. But a cove is neither a tree nor water nor a house. A cove is just a place where Walk-up-the-Creeks live. Now I never saw a Walk-up-the-Creek, and neither did my father, nor his father, but his father's father made pictures of them, and this is the way they looked.



The Walk-up.the-Creeks—and this is what they looked like

Now Walk-up-the-Creeks couldn't swim like fish nor fly like birds nor climb a tree like children, for they had no fins, and they had no wings, and nobody had taught them to climb. All they could do was to walk up the creek. That they did very well, because their legs were so long. Their bills were long too, so that from where they lived high in the air they could reach down for pebbles and soft-shelled clams, which they ate as they walked up the creek.

Now, no matter how far up the creek they walked, they always came back to the cove to sleep. But they couldn't sleep in the water like fish nor in a tree like birds nor in a bed like children. So they gathered sticks and fastened them together in a little house, and there they stood inside on their long legs all night, waiting for morning to come so they could start walking up the creek once more.

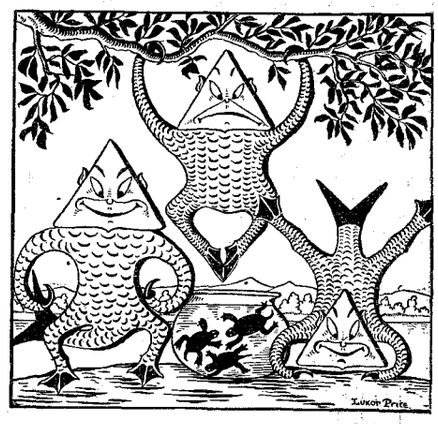
Well, one night, when the Walk-up-the-Creeks got home especially tired after walking up the creek all day, picking up pebbles and soft-shelled clams, they found their stick houses gone! Now it is hard work collecting sticks and building a new house when you are only a Walk-up-the-Creek with no hands, only bill and feet, and especially when you are tired. So they felt very angry.

"It's those Py-zoo-zoos!" they said. "What can we do about it?"

The Py-zoo-zoos lived across the river. Birds live in a tree, fishes in the water, children in a house, and Walk-up-the-Creeks in a cove, but Py-zoo-zoos live in a swale. A swale is not water nor a tree nor a house nor a cove. A swale is just a place where Py-zoo-zoos live.

Py-zoo-zoos couldn't swim like fish nor fly like birds nor climb a tree like children nor walk up the creek like Walk-up-the-Creeks, yet they could get across the river somehow. I don't know how. And every day they came and destroyed the little stick houses of the Walk-up-the-Creeks. And every night the Walk-up-the-Creeks came home dead tired after picking up pebbles and soft-shelled clams, and had to build their houses all over again.

Now I never saw a Py-zoo-zoo, and neither did my father, nor his father, but my father's father made pictures of them, and this is the way they looked.



The wicked Py-zoo-zoos—and this is what they looked like

"Something must be done," the Walk-up-the-Creeks said, but they didn't know what. They could not attack the Py-zoo-zoos in their swale, for they had no fins to swim and no wings to fly. And they could not talk across the river, for they could only walk up a creek. They were even not much good at thinking. In fact, all they could do was to walk up a creek.

So things were in a pretty mess when one day, after the wicked Py-zoo-zoos had destroyed the Walk-up-the-Creeks' stick houses, they happened to see the three little Scrabble-Jacks—Tiny, Weeny, and Dot—swimming about the cove looking for bugs and mosquitoes. "Just the thing for our young Py-zoo-zoos' goldfish bowl," thought they; so while the little Scrabble-Jacks weren't looking they kidnapped them and carried them home across the river. Now Tiny, Weeny, and Dot were the children of Mrs. Scrabble-Jack, who was so old that every ring on her back counted as a birthday, but there were so many rings you couldn't count them. And ever since she was a Scrabble-Jack bride she had lived in the cove—in fact, she thought she owned the cove, and when she found her three little children stolen she grew very, very angry. So she sat on a rock in the sun and thought and thought and thought what she and the Walk-up-the-Creeks could do together against their enemy, the Py-zoo-zoos.

[1] "I cannot tell you," wrote a teacher, "how helpful your department has been in my story-telling hour."
We should be glad to have comment from other teachers and to receive stories originated and developed in the classroom.

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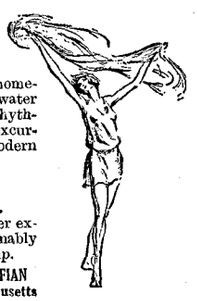

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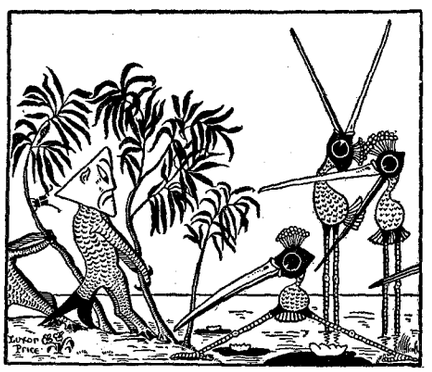
But her brain was so small, she sat for three weeks before she had an idea.

One evening when the Walk-up-the-Creeks came back from walking up the creek, she called them all together and said: "Tonight don't get sticks. Get willow branches and stick them in the ground to make your houses."

"Why?" asked the Walk-up-the Creeks, so puzzled that they tried to scratch their ears with their claws, but the distance was so great they only sprained their legs trying.

"Do as I say!" snapped old Mrs. Scrabble-Jack. So the Walk-up-the-Creeks obeyed, and went off as usual next morning to look for pebbles and soft-shelled clams. And that afternoon, when the wicked Py-zoo-zoos came across the river to destroy their stick houses, they tugged and pulled in vain,



The wicked Py-zoo-zoos tugging and pulling in vain at the growing willow branches

for every willow branch had taken root and begun to grow. All day they worked, and meantime old Mrs. Scrabble-Jack wobbled across the river and stole back her three stolen children—Tiny, Weeny, and Dot—from the young Py-zoo-zoos' goldfish bowl. At sunset the hot and tired Py-zoo-zoos gave up, and went home to find their wives very cross because the children were crying into their goldfish bowl because the little Scrabble-Jacks were gone. But when the Walk-up-the-Creeks got back from walking up the creek and eating pebbles and soft-shelled clams, they were delighted to find their houses, not only still standing, but taller than they had been that morning. And every day the houses grew higher and stouter, until at last they formed a willow grove, and the Py-zoo-zoos never dared come back again.

So the grateful Walk-up-the-Creeks used to take the little Scrabble-Jacks picnicking on their walks up the creek and feed them on pebbles and soft-shelled clams till they nearly burst.

At least that is what my father's father's father used to tell, and he ought to know.

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Speaking of Books

Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

The Ideal Ambassador

By DOUGLAS FREEMAN

WHAT was the origin of Walter Page's love of England? Where and when did he develop those qualities that made him the most fascinating and persuasive letter-writer of his day? How came a Southerner of his generation and background to possess his stanch nationalism? These are not as important questions, of course, as that of Page's influence on Anglo-American relations during the first three years of the World War, but they are questions that must have occurred to every reader of the "Life and Letters," and they can be answered with some assurance now that Burton Hendrick has issued his study of Page's career prior to 1913, under the justified title, "The Training of an American."

Although born less than six years before a cannon shot broke the Union, Walter Page was more fortunate than most North Carolinians of his day. His father, Frank Page, was a "Union man" in 1860–1, as were thousands of others in the border States. Frank Page was loyal to the Southern Government, but he never believed it would win. He sold it the product of his three sawmills, which he personally directed, as he was a bit too old for army service. When the Confederacy collapsed, there were no heartbreaks at Page's and no feeling of personal despair. No son of his came home in rags and hunger to tell of the glory of a vanquished cause. The memories that were meat and drink in most Southern homes, the very breath of nostrils, were not personal to Walter Page, primarily because neither father nor son had been of an age to fight the South's battles.

That made a difference, which the circumstances of the reconstruction deepened. Frank Page owned his little sawmill town and laid down his home-made law for white man and black, regardless of Fourteenth Amendment or of military rule. Political contention passed by the place. Walter Page went away at sixteen, and except for summer vacations and one six months' rest, he was not at home again until he was twenty-six and was confirmed in his nationalism. He saw little at first hand of the struggle with carpetbaggers and scallywags, the struggle that forced a protective political solidarity upon the South. For it must be remembered that the Reconstruction Act and not Appomattox, Thaddeus Stevens and not Abraham Lincoln, made the South of one mind in politics. Escaping the prejudicial influence of all this, Walter Page chanced on Randall's "Jefferson" at the very time he was formulating his political creed. That book revealed to him the mind and ideals of Jefferson in an America undisturbed by the slavery agitation, and it suggested precisely the accommodation of views that suited Page's training and his trend of mind. Politically, he was at twenty-five what he remained through life, a National rather than a sectional Democrat. There is no mystery about the evolution of his nationalism. Mr. Hendrick's well-written pages show that it was born in him and was confirmed by his circumstances and his reading.

Page was lucky in his schooling. After a rather unprofitable year at Trinity College, North Carolina, he entered Randolph-Macon, at Ashland, Virginia, in the autumn of 1872. Up to that time he had never come under the influence of a single intellect of high order. He had never met, or even seen, any of the principal actors in the great Southern tragedy, and he had never had a teacher who made scholarship inspiring. Now he found the man who probably shaped him more than any other individual ever did—Thomas Randolph Price, Professor of English and of Greek in the College. Price was a romantic figure, to whom Mr. Hendrick properly devotes several finely done pages. A Virginian and a pupil of Basil L. Gildersleeve at the University of Virginia, he had gone to Europe to pursue the classics, had learned modern Greek on the blessed peninsula, had studied for two years under Curtius, and had been at work on his doctorate when the South went to war. Making his way home on a blockade-runner, he was for three years a Confederate cavalry officer. In the evil days after the contest ended he was glad to find a post at Ashland and to seek what comfort he might in his texts and in his students till better times came. Price was outstanding, but Mr. Hendrick's sympathetic references to him must not be taken to mean that he was unique. There had been a goodly company of Hellenists in the South before the war. They had discoursed often of Sophocles as they had marched with Jackson through the Shenandoah Valley, and some of them had continued to study their Homer when the walls of their own Ilium were falling about them. It was not lack of interest, but lack of leisure—grim contest with the unyielding today—that led Southern scholars to neglect their Greek in the late 'sixties.

THIS list is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire by the following book-shops each week:

New York—Brentano's;
Rochester—Scrantoms Inc.;
Cleveland—Korner & Wood;
St. Louis—Scruggs, Vandevoort, & Barney;
Denver—Kendrick Bellamy Company;
Houston—Teolin Pillot Company;
San Francisco—Paul Elder & Co.;
Baltimore—Norman, Remington Company;
Kansas City—Emery Bird Thayer;
Atlanta—Miller's Book Store;
Los Angeles—Bullock's;
Chicago—Marshall Field & Co.;
Cincinnati—Stewart Kidd.

Fiction

"The Bridge of San Luis Rey," by Thornton Wilder. Albert & Charles Boni. Those who have not yet read this beautifully written story have a delight in store.

"The Battle of the Horizons," by Sylvia Thompson. Little, Brown & Co. Those who enjoyed "The Hounds of Spring" will find that this shows a slight advance in maturity of view-point, although the writer is still among those whose work must be considered, at best, as a hint of better things to come. The story, of the marriage of an American girl and an Englishman, is flimsy. But the contrasts of the young people of both countries are admirable, and there is considerable understanding of the inadequate preparation for life which is the conspicuous fault of contemporary American upbringing and education.

"Octavia," by Margot Asquith. The F. A. Stokes Company. This comedy of manners is excellent reading. Reviewed last week.

"Behind That Curtain," by Earl Derr Biggers. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Further exploits of detective Charlie Chan. Reviewed May 16.

"The Greene Murder Case," by S. S. Van Dine. Charles Scribner's Sons. And further exploits of detective Philo Vance.

Non-Fiction

"The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism," by George Bernard Shaw. Brentano's. To be reviewed later.[1]

"Disraeli," by André Maurois, translated by Hamish Miles. D. Appleton & Co. You will enjoy this charming and vivid biography. Reviewed February 22.

"Sunset Gun," by Dorothy Parker. Boni & Liveright. This delightful light verse is good summer reading. Reviewed June 6.

"Trader Horn." Vol. II, by A. A. Horn and E. E. Lewis. Simon & Schuster. Like the first volume, this is perfect for reading in snatches.[1]

"The Rise of the House of Rothschild," by Egon Cæsar Conti. The Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. An interesting and valuable book which all readers of biography will enjoy. See issue of June 6.

[1] Owing to the necessity for covering the late political news, time for printing an adequate review was not available this week. Comment on this book will appear later.

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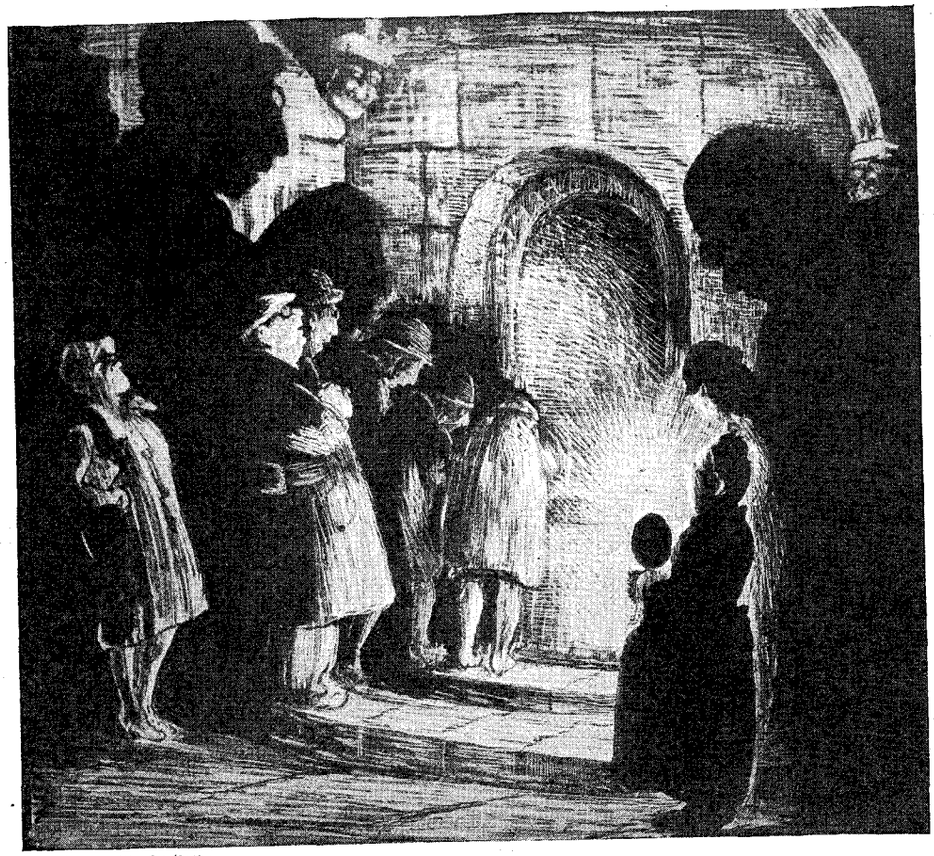
Price awakened in Walter Page a love of England by arousing in him a love of England's literature. Mr. Hendrick traces the genesis of this with certitude and shows beyond cavil that the admiration which Page's critics attributed to subtle flattery in 1914 was deep in the heart of the boy before he was twenty. Page did not love England because he went there; he went there because he loved her. Nor was Anglophilism a peculiarity of Price and of his favorite pupil. Price differed only in the measure of his enthusiasm for England from the majority of educated Southerners of the time. The ties between the South and England were strong, because England was in reality the "mother country" of a section predominantly of British stock. During the war English recognition had been the hope of the Confederacy, and, though that never came, English sympathy had been assumed and appreciated. There were some so devoted to England and so bitter to the North, in the days of Page's schooling, that they preferred to return to the old allegiance to a resumption of the former union. Page therefore got not merely Price's point of view, but that of the Confederacy as well. In nothing was he as much a Southerner as in this love of England. In nothing was he more impersonal than in this, which seemed so very personal.



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TOURISTS IN A CRYPT

An etching by Mabel Dwight

In the same school where he learned to love the land of his forefathers Page began to develop the fine appreciation of words that was one of the chief components of his art as a letter-writer. Price put Shakespeare first and deepened the grooves that had been cut in Page's brain during childhood, when Dr. John Page, one of his uncles, would often read a whole play to the gathered youngsters of the family. After Shakespeare, Professor Price ranked Tennyson. Accepting this calculation, Page steeped himself in the Elizabethans and the Victorians while reading much Greek and little Latin. He escaped—or avoided—the literature of the eighteenth century, never coming under the thralldom of Pope or under the literary curse of Johnson's "osity and ation." To this choice of literary guides is to be attributed, no doubt, the vigor of Page's style and the noble dominance of Anglo-Saxon words. Moreover, Page read poetry, good poetry, from the Attic choruses of "Antigone" to the wistful quatrains of "In Memoriam." Is it straining the evidence to say that this gave to Page's letters that fine, melodic, and sometimes emotional quality that makes them grip one?

The training that came after Page's three years at Randolph-Macon extended his horizon but did not change his point of view. He was one of the original twenty fellows of Johns Hopkins when it was opened in 1876, and he had two glorious years under Gildersleeve before he decided that he would not make the teaching of Greek a life profession. He resigned his fellowship in the spring of 1878, spent half a year at his father's house, taught one winter in a Louisville, Kentucky, high school, edited a short-lived monthly review, wrote editorials for some eighteen months on the "St. Joe Gazette," and then traveled through the South in 1881, writing a series of newspaper letters that showed his aptitude for that form of composition. They won him a place on the staff of the New York "World," where he remained until Joseph Pulitzer roared in like a Western cyclone. Leaving New York in 1883, Page went home to realize his dream of a newspaper that was to serve the South in the spirit of a new age, a journal that would report something besides funerals and Confederate reunions. He purchased the Raleigh "Chronicle," which was then a feeble weekly, and he transformed it quickly into a fighting daily, critical of every anachronism, impatient of all slothfulness, wrathful in assailing all sectionalism. He did many worth-while things and he helped to launch the great educational program of North Carolina. But by the beginning of 1886 he abandoned his venture to Josephus Daniels and went North again, convinced that for the future he had to work for the South from without rather than from within. It was, in a sense, a failure, the worst of his career, and it was due primarily to love of his people. In his desire to bring them once more into the life of the Nation, he became impatient of their progress. He did not realize then that patience is the virtue most to be cultivated by those who would labor among a sensitive people. He did not see, in his zealous youth, that one must be tolerant

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even of intolerance if the South is to be advanced.

After he returned to New York in 1886 his rise was rapid, for his schooling was done. He soon became editor of the "Forum," and passed in the early 'nineties to the "Atlantic," whence S. S. McClure lured him in 1899 to the complicated publishing venture that left him, in due season, a partner in Doubleday, Page & Co., with the "World's Work" as his medium for helping the South to better farming, to better health, and to better education. He was as well grounded as any man who entered journalism in his lifetime. He was original in his methods, and brilliantly persuasive in guiding his writers. He had a genius for making friendships that yielded literary by-products; he made a friend of almost every contributor and a contributor of almost every friend. By 1907 fulfillment came. He saw his firm well established and—what meant far more to him—in a long tour through the South he beheld its economic rebirth. "The old land is coming up again," he wrote his wife from Montgomery, Alabama. None had contributed more than he to have it so through thirty years of unselfish toil that have a fitting chronicler in Mr. Hendrick. Walter Page had done a great life's work when ancient friendship, wise judgment, and special Providence or lucky chance led Woodrow Wilson to send him as Ambasador to England when the mortar was crumbling and the very stones of civilization were cracking in the heat of hate.

Theology for the Common Man

By EDMUND B. CHAFFEE

"Beliefs That Matter," by William Adams Brown. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Two great forces have been at work during the past few decades which have tended strongly toward the unsettling of religious belief. One of those forces has been modern industrialism, which has revolutionized our ways of living; the other has been modern science, which has revolutionized our ways of thinking. These two forces have thrown religious beliefs into confusion. If religion is to have any vital place in the life of men and women today, it must be reinterpreted and stated in terms which have real bearing upon the problems they face. Continuous attempts are being made to do this very thing. The most recent of these is a book by William Adams Brown, professor in the Union Theological Seminary of New York, entitled "Beliefs That Matter." In this book this able professor of theology reaffirms the importance of belief in religion. It will not do to brush aside belief as of no consequence. There can be no real substitute for it, for neither æsthetic appreciation nor social service can take its place. In the long run beliefs determine action, and sustained activity along any definite line cannot be maintained without convictions. Beliefs do matter, and there are increasing evidences that our day and generation is beginning to recognize that they matter. But when we begin to deal with religious beliefs we are in the realm of theology, so that this book is in reality a theological treatise addressed to the rank and file in our Christian churches. And no one in America today is better equipped for such a task than William Adams Brown. He is thoroughly familiar with modern science and he knows the tradition of the Christian Church. He has profound respect for both.

Dr. Brown finds that Jesus is, and must be, central in the faith of the Christian. Man wants to realize himself, and Jesus surprisingly anticipates the teachings of many of our psychologists in calling us to subordinate the competing elements in our self to a single dominating ideal—for Jesus, the will of God. In this way only can our age or any other find the abiding satisfaction for which it seeks. Here Jesus is still the world's teacher. Nor has he been outgrown by our enlarging conception of the universe, for that universe for us, as for Jesus, remains a world of opportunity and a world of value. Jesus still has the answer as to what to choose and what to value. His teachings are of permanent significance. Jesus' ideal of the kingdom of God is still an ideal which can evoke our admiration and our loyalty. But men and women today are concerned, not merely with the teachings of Jesus, but with his person as well. In this field Dr. Brown is particularly helpful. One striking sentence may be quoted: "When we say that we believe in the deity of Christ, we do not mean that God is in Jesus quantitatively as one can put jewels in a box, but that he is in him qualitatively as the sun's light is in the sun's rays." In a similar manner the author approaches the various parts of the Christian tradition—the doctrine of the cross, the concept of sin, the way of salvation, the Trinity, the Resurrection, the sacraments, the Church, all of these intellectual formulations of the Christian position. He makes us see these doctrines, not as they have been embodied in the creeds of the churches, but as living realities. He gets beneath the words to the experience for which they stand. He wants us to see that the experience for which these old words stood is still human experience, just as much today as it was in the days of Jesus or the Middle Ages. With all our modern inventions,

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which have so changed the face of the world, and with all our modern science, which seems to relegate man to a place less near the center of creation, the fundamental truths of Christianity remain. This book is timely. It will be of inestimable worth to those men and women who demand that religion should satisfy the reason as well as the emotions, who worship God with the mind as well as the heart. It would be well for no small number of people to forget their prejudices against theology and read this book. The reasoning is cogent; the temper is irenic.

Hearst Says He's a Leaf in the Stream—of God Knows What!

By DANIEL ROBERT MAUÉ

"W. R. Hearst: An American Phenomenon," by John K. Winkler. Simon & Schuster.

Like a flea on a Mexican hairless pup, "beautiful, bountiful Willie" is ill at ease in his world. No biographer has successfully cornered him. John Winkler, to be sure, employed about everything in the way of insect powder, but he no more than drove a few of Willie's friends out into the open without ever catching up with Willie. In great broad jumps the subject goes through "W. R. Hearst: An American Phenomenon" as illusively as in life he dodges in and out through his numerous American retreats, through countries, and through continents.

He seeks— Well, what? Seclusion, merely? Vitalist pleasures? Safety, from life and himself? Or just plain deviltry?

Mr. Winkler doesn't provide the answer; indeed, he has been hard put to it to fill his book, and then could not have done so but for lists of names that makes the New York "Times" picture supplement look like the work of a piker, but for the thumb-nail sketches of many Hearst henchmen, some little oft-told tales, and occasional inconsequential anecdotes. With all that done by, and said about, our Willie, however, the author tackled something like the Augean stables job when he set about an attempt to sift the material. Employees, it is obvious, have constituted his prime source. The man with a voice "like the fragrance of violets made audible" knows too well the folly of setting words to paper thereby taking on sales value, or even publishable value; hence the present offers little good documentary assistance. There's no telling, of course, as Mr. Winkler points out, what will turn up in the Hearst safe, once this "artist of the actual" has floated on down the stream upon whose surface he considers himself to be no more than a predestined leaf.

St. William, fortunately for Mr. Winkler, in all his inconsistency has the good sense to be consistently himself, whether in the business of amazing the newspaper world with new ideas of content and expenditure or in being the unruly boy who should sit face to the wall and under a conical paper bonnet.

Movement through the book is rapid. Mr. Winkler tells the coloresque story of Willie's "Argonaut" dad, but contributes almost no more to his subject's childhood than the picture of a six-year-old. On, then, to Harvard life done in anecdotes, some of which are hypothetical, and so to the taking over of the San Francisco "Examiner" and on through the creation of the great newspaper and magazine chains, the Hearst-Pulitzer "duel of dollars," the political inquisitions, the two wars in which our hero took so active a part, to end up finally with a chapter on "The Rise of Al Smith" and one on the "Social Significance" of W. R. H.

This man may be, as he once insisted, according to Mr. Winkler, that he is the only one "between the oceans" who is "not radical, not extreme, but wholly conservative." He may even be primarily responsible, as the author believes, for the "new journalism." It nevertheless remains to be seen whether the pretty Hearstian bubbles will ever float home to concrete foundations. The "Phenomenon" built, not upon the proverbial North American shoestring, but upon the fifteen millions of dollars accumulated by "Uncle George" Hearst, Willie's father, who once dug in gold camps. Given that much money, almost all of us could, in some fashion or other, make fools of ourselves.

Credit must go to Mr. Winkler for his willingness to biograph a creature who may be "man, dæmon, or demigod." He has impartially set down available material in a four-square manner. He has admired where admiration is due. His book smacks of the newspaper supplement; it isn't "good" biography; but it is good reading, every word of it, and it will be widely read.

The nut, as "Essandess" undoubtedly reckoned, was prime for cracking. Those who believe "the Overlord of the Pacific" to be fresh from the primordial ooze will read to find out just what, if anything, lies beneath the scales. Those who read the Hearst supplements will read as the great publisher taught them to read—with a singular lack of credulity. The few who follow will read that they may drop another tear for the predestined martyr.

And, by the way, let a book be prepared for that other great American, William Hale Thompson, martyred in the Mid-Western materialists' Utopia.

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Picked at Random

By WALTER R. BROOKS

Tristram Tupper's
The River
Lippincott

Rosalee lives beside the river, and Allen John, eighteen-year-old rodman in the construction camp, falls head over heels in love with her, and we don't know that we blame him. What we do blame him for is trying to clean out Fultz's commissary single-handed. He didn't succeed, of course, but it is a good fight, told romantically and with fine restraint—as is this entire story of young love. Of course, we know that—for the moment—romanticism is out of fashion, but we weren't too hard-boiled to enjoy these three-hundred-odd pages of it. And Mr. Tupper has the rather rare ability of making an unfamiliar background real, without going tiresomely into explanation and detail. Perhaps because he knows it so well himself.

The Field Books of
North American Mammals
Common Gilled Mushroom
Common Ferns
Putnam's

Here are three excellent additions to the series of Putnam's "Nature Field Books." They are small enough to slip into a pocket, yet nothing that you might want to know is left out, and, as in the other books of the series, the keys for identification are simple and the illustrations accurate and plentiful. The mammal book interested us particularly, as it is the only complete and compact book of its kind we have seen.

Edgar Wallace's
The Feathered Serpent
Doubleday, Doran

There are only two kinds of detective story—those that grip you and those that don't. If they do, it doesn't in the least matter how improbable and wild and illogical they are. All these adjectives apply to the thirty-odd stories which Mr. Wallace has written in the past few years, yet there is scarcely one of them that doesn't at about the tenth page wind its long and horrible tentacles about you like some dreadful deep-sea monster and hold you shuddering in your chair until you have read the last word. True, in this one there are only two murders, and nobody gets tortured and nobody goes mad. But from the moment when Dewin, the reporter, starts to investigate the strange cards bearing the representation of a feathered serpent which have been received by Ella Creed, the musical comedy actress—once mysteriously in her dressing-room, and once on the occasion of the robbery of her jewels—the story moves so swiftly and entertainingly that we defy you to lay down until you have reached the end. We also defy you to guess the murderer's name.

Bruce Graeme's
Hate Ship
Dodd, Mead

Peter Martin wrote detective stories. They were pretty bad stories, so the editors who rejected them told him, yet they must have had something good about them, for one of the editors left Peter a steam yacht in his will. Of course there was a string to it. Peter was to cruise for a year, with twelve guests, one of whom had killed the editor's father. If Peter spotted the murderer, he got the yacht. If he failed—back to the insurance company for him. Naturally, the guests weren't so pleased when they found they'd been invited so that one of them could be selected to go to jail. But Peter goes right on suspecting and detecting, and with the help of a sympathetic author finally lands both the yacht and a fair girl passenger. We would pass this story, but not with honors.

Howard Vincent O'Brien's
Four and Twenty Blackbirds
Doubleday, Doran

Timothy Lord is much upset when he finds that his friend Randall has vanished from the hotel in Cannes where they were to meet. Particularly, as Timothy has no money. But with a *sang froid* which delighted us he borrows from the hotel management, and sets about an investigation which uncovers a most devilish plot involving Anarchists and a wicked count and a beautiful Italian girl and a rather lazy detective, to whom, however, we were grateful for allowing Timothy to do most of the detecting. For we like this Timothy. He is a most amusing and competent young man, and we hope he won't marry and settle down until we've heard more of him. Although we'd like to know what became of Mildred.

Carolyn Wells's
Deep Lake Mystery
Doubleday, Doran

This is a good one although perhaps we'd have guessed it sooner if— But we won't tell you about that, although it seems to us the only flaw in an otherwise good detective yarn. Who drove the nail into Sampson Tracy's head and then dressed him all up like a Christmas tree before diving out of the window? Was it his friend, his butler, his fiancée, his niece, or his secretary? You'll give several wrong guesses, we opine, before the truth is revealed to you. And you'll enjoy guessing, if you like your detective stories written pleasantly, in a workmanlike manner, without padding.

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